MARTINET

VOLUME 3
NUMBER 1

£7

CORRESPONDENCE QUARTERLY

A PHOTO FANTASY

LIMITED EDITION

SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

CHRISTINE LE DUC

"... So I went to see Christine Le Duc ...".
"Who is she?"
"I don't know"
"But you went to see her ..."
"Yes, but she wasn't in when I phoned her, so I looked into all of her six sexshops to see if she was ..."
"... Six ...?"
"Six, blimey, five in Amsterdam and one in Arnhem, wherever that may be ..."
"Never mind"
"So behind the counter of the first shop is this friendly guy and he asks: anything in particular you're looking for, General; magazines, books, films, we've got the best stock in town. And I say: well, that's not what I'm looking for ..., but he says: do you know the one about the nun and the pig, and I say: no kidding, and he says: I'll show you, and I ... ah ... I ... I ..."
"Hello, you still with me?"
"Anyway I bought the magazine ..."
"Idiot"
"Easy, easy, you've never seen a magazine like that in your life"
"Surprise me"
"Wait a minute. This happened all the time during my search for Christine Le Duc; all those friendly guys, asking: do you know ..."
"So you ended up with five nuns and five pigs"
"No dumbo, I ended up with one nun and pig, one father and daughter, two girls having fun together, three blokes balling each other, a film about spanking and this very special thing about female bondage. As a matter of fact I didn't see anything of Amsterdam either ... went straight back to my hotel with my goodies. Really scratched me where I itched. Didn't see Christine Le Duc in person, but she was the best thing that happened to me in Amsterdam".
"Amen".

There are five Christine Le Duc sexshops in Amsterdam. And one Christine Le Duc SexCinema. Showing more variations than you think possible.

Christine Le Duc

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A VERY SPECIAL BIRTHDAY TREAT

For my birthday treat, mummy let me have my cousin Alison come to stay with me for the night; as it was a warm and sunny day, we put up the tent at the bottom of our garden and played in it all the afternoon and evening. Alison's pretty flowered dress was even shorter than my blue and white striped summer frock which itself left my long slender but nicely curved legs free to the air. Although only 18 months older than me, she had quite a developed figure; as she leapt around the lawn, her dress rode up to reveal her long shapely legs, which were already filling out

quite voluptuously towards the thighs, as well as her plump and beautifully rounded little bottom so modestly covered by the tightly stretched nylon of pretty little pale pink panties. Occasionally I saw the smooth cheeks of her almost completely bare botty as the flimsy nylon sank deeply into the crevice. I remember now being curiously excited last term at our School Sports Day when I was close to the hurdle when my classmate Donna jumped, for her delicious crotch was clearly outlined beneath her almost transparent shorts, with her legs flung wide apart.

When mummy said that we could sleep in the tent as it was warm, we jumped for joy and hugged each other; we prepared the tent with some of those large square cushions, for we didn't have any airbeds, plus sheets and blankets. Oh, it was such fun getting ready and Alison kept hugging me and saying what a lovely birthday this would be for me. While we were undressing I couldn't help noticing her looking at me, especially when I slipped off my navy-blue school knickers and put on some thinner panties for the night. After putting on our short dolly-nighties, we slid quickly under the sheets, both breathing rather excitedly I must admit, although I didn't really know why just then. When we snuggled up to each other so naturally I could feel the warmth of her soft, rounded breasts against my little busties, and when she wriggled gently against me I could feel them wobbling, and also the little nipples rubbing lightly against mine through the thin material. 'Jenny', she asked quietly, 'is that tickling you, because I can feel you squirming and your legs are clinging to mine quite tightly?' I hadn't noticed what my legs were doing because the feeling in my boobs was so unusual and exciting that I must have clung to her extra closely.

'Yes, and it's so lovely,' I whispered in her ear, giving it a little kiss and lick at the same time, 'please keep doing it, for your busties are so much softer and plumper than mine. When did they fill out like that?' Alison renewed her wriggling, and then took my right hand and placed it over one of her beautifully warm breasts saying: 'About a year ago, after one of my schoolfriends told me that hers had got bigger because she rubbed them gently every night in bed; she said that it made her go to sleep quicker and gave her special dreams. If you stroke the under-side it feels particularly nice, please Jenny." So I slowly cupped each one in turn in the palm of my hands; she began to moan quietly and urged me to do them both together. As I began a sort of circular motion she started touching my own little girlish nipples. What bliss it was, especially with her smooth legs moving against mine more quickly then; when I looked down I could see that my nipples were getting bigger and so was the swelling around them. Then Alison said that her schoolfriend had told her that as her own busties were now big enough she could lick the nipples herself when she cupped up her breasts. 'I cannot do that yet,' Alison sighed, 'but you could do it for me, please Jenny dear.' So tentatively at first I bent down my head and placed my cheek on the soft, silky surface of each busty in turn; I rubbed each up and down delicately before I gave the then swollen nipples a tender licking. Alison shuddered and asked me to continue, saying that she would do the same for me if I wanted it.

Fortunately mummy and daddy were watching a long film in T.V., so they left us alone, thinking no doubt that we had dropped off to sleep quickly after playing in the sun for so long. For at least twenty minutes we kept up our caressing and licking, and even sucking each others nipples until Alison exclaimed: 'Gosh, Jenny, I'm feeling quite damp between my legs, aren't you?' I had noticed the dampness in mine earlier, but didn't like to say anything. 'That's happened before when I've been rubbing my titties,' she added, 'and it makes my little hairs at the top end of my pussy stick together.' As I hadn't any hair on mine I asked her if I could see hers. She gave a girlish snigger, gave me a little kiss fully on the mouth, and pulled her little nighty right over her head; I noticed at once that she wasn't wearing any panties as she pulled away the sheet, taking my hand and guiding the forefinger and thumb right on to the soft hairs of her pussy where I could feel their warmth and dampness. In fact she pressed my finger on to the little slit and it sank slowly in, right into the lovely warm wetness. At this, her whole body seemed to shudder and she kissed me passionately all the time, sighing and pleading with me to go deeper and quicker.

What a lovely birthday treat this was; if only mummy had known what was going on in that tent between those two innocent little schoolgirls she had left there. Of course my pussy, which wasn't so puffy as Alison's, was itching as we cuddled each other, and I was already longing for her to touch me down there. I could feel that the soft nylon of my dainty pink panties had eased itself into my slit, for I too was really damp there by then. Alison didn't object when I led her hand on to my pussy, and she pulled aside the frilly lace edges and stroked tenderly all along the length of my aching slit. Then she withdrew and placed both her hands on my thighs and ever so gently stroked them up and down, both inside and outside my legs and over the silkiness of my girlish panties; she did this for ages, as I stroked her boobs with one hands and fingered her pussy with the other. I barely noticed that she had started t` lower my panties, stroking them all the time so tantalisingly with the back of her hand; as I eased them off my ankles she was lifting off my nightie, lingering over my sprouting busties and kissing them so affectionately. As soon as she saw the moist, pouting lips of my hairless pussy and breathed in the alluring smell of my fresh young body, she fastened her mouth on to that secret place lovingly. What ecstasy. What sheer bliss. The warmth of her breath and the moistness of her soft mouth sent deep shudders through my whole body; when she kissed the now swelling lips of my twitching pussy, I shook convulsively. But when her long and sensitive tongue itself probed deeply inside, lingering at the spongy lips on the way in, the whole world seemed to spin round and bright stars bombarded my innermost self.

Outside all was dark and still; but inside that tent that night the passions of we two young schoolgirls deafened their idyllic world. I had never known that life could be so wonderful and that such feelings existed; everything seemed so natural and beautiful. After awhile Alison substituted her tongue with her sensitive forefinger inside my pussy, and together we fingered each other wildly whilst our tongues squirmed wetly inside each others mouths; our other arms were clinging tightly round our slim and vibrating bodies, and sometimes clutching at lovely girlish bottoms. Our titties were also in close embrace as we rocked and shuddered together; indescribable sensations, originating deep inside our sweet little pussies, tingling and perking and spreading magically through our tummies and our satin-smooth young legs: through everywhere — marvellously and totally overwhelming. The depth and violence of our final, mind-shattering climax, blissfully unanimous, sent us off to slumberland to complete a very special birthday treat.

ANNETTE'S
SPANKING SURPRISE

The car was moving very fast and swerving slightly against the kerb now and then.

"Sam, darling do slow down a bit."

"Oh yes. I'm so sorry," came the nervous reply, and the car slowed down a bit as Sam made a conscious attempt to control his uncharacteristic spate of nervousness. He was normally such a calm fellow, he had control over everything, which was one of the reasons for my attraction to him. But tonight he had been slightly nervous since coming to pick me up and it had grown since then steadily. I was very puzzled as to what it was. I knew it couldn't be overwork, because he was all right last night, and he couldn't have found one extra day that much of a strain. Besides if it was overwork it would not be affecting him now, he was always able to relax with the weekend in front of him.

I considered the possibility of it being the thought of an evening with Olivia and Allan, but that was impossible. Allan and Sam had been friends since their schooldays, I never saw him more relaxed than when in Allan's company. And Olivia was a very gentle and mild-mannered person, everybody liked her very much. Perhaps it was some of the other guests. Carol and Tom, and Jenny and Frank were great friends. Tom and Frank were journalists for the same newspaper. They were both likeable enough people, although Sam didn't know them too well. Carol was a secretary and Jenny was a housewife with two young children. Jenny was a rather timid girl who always looked very admiringly at her husband when he was talking, but it wasn't fear as much as shyness, when she did let herself go she showed a very naive character, with a "jolly-hockeysticks-edge" to it. Carol was the more confident of the two friends, but certainly not overbearing in any way. Sam had nothing to be apprehensive about from that quarter.

Sally was a bit boring. She was married to a man called David, a patient and long-suffering person who occasionally had to put his foot down with her, someone had to. Sally's main problem was that she could not keep away from the gin. Everyone there liked their drink, but Sally was the only one verging on alcoholism. She would go straight for the gin bottle as soon as she arrived at a dinner party, and she would drink non-stop until she passed out, or, if she could still stand, until David had to drag her away. Poor David, I felt so sorry for him, I don't know how he could stand her. They were never at a dinner party for the whole evening. But then I suppose someone had to feel sorry for Sally. That type of drinking must have been the result of great boredom. But as for Sam's attitude for them he admired and sympathised with David, and treated Sally with a distant politeness which she was wary enough of to steer clear of direct confrontation with him.

Davinia and George were the other couple there. Them I didn't like at all, nor did Sam. George was a pretentious and supercilious twit. His only interests were horse racing and fox hunting and boring everything and everyone with his endless stories about the Lords and high financiers that he knew. Sam said that this was utter rubbish, and in fact he had a middle management job that he would never be promoted from, which Sam said was lucky for him because if he was ever to enter the highfalutin world that he loved to talk about he would fall flat on his face within minutes. As for Davinia she was a cow of the first order. She was a secretary, and apparently not a very good one to a city businessman. But she preferred the title of Personal Assistant and styled herself as his confidant and moral support. This was also untrue. She was a haughty and unpleasant bitch. No one there could stand her very much. She always wore prissy clothes and spoke with a precise and measured voice that was very unnatural and affected. And she always wore a look of disdain. Ooh! A horrible piece of work she was.

But, I thought to myself I had almost forgotten poor Sam's nervous state with my hatred for Davinia. Sam was not particularly bothered by their presence, he knew they were complete phonies, and although they would never admit it to themselves, they knew he knew it, and so also avoided any kind of confrontation with him.

Then something occurred to me. How in fact could I have forgotten? Last night we were on the sofa listening to a record when Sam started massaging my nipples through my blouse. He soon had my blouse and bra off and was gently stroking my pussy through my knickers. I moved gently kissing his face and then I put my hand down his trousers and began stroking his erect cock, at which point he sat up and told me to stand. I did so, rather puzzled, but not really suspecting anything.

"You were a very naughty girl tonight burning the dinner." I felt remorseful about having let his dinner cook for so long, it was such a careless thing to do.

"Sam I'm so sorry about the dinner, it was such a silly thing to do."

"But nevertheless you did it, and you knew how hungry I was."

"I know, I'm very naughty." I was feeling rather ridiculous standing there. I had nothing on above the waist, and I certainly did feel like a naughty girl standing there with my bosoms exposed and Sam telling me off.

"You know what happens to naughty girls don't you?"

"They get a spanking on their bare bottoms," I don't know what in the world made me say it, I was just feeling rather girlish and silly standing there being told off, and I got a funny excited chill when I said it.

"That's right." He said triumphantly.

I gasped. "Oh no not on my bare bottom," I put on a pouting little girl face, but there was more than a touch of seriousness in my imploring "it'll hurt very much and my bottom will be very red afterwards."

"Take off your skirt."

"Oh no Sam, please," I didn't think he was serious even now.

"Take off your skirt." His voice was very firm. I did as I was told. I unzipped the zip on my skirt and let it drop to the floor. I stepped out of it and walked over to Sam. All I was wearing were my pink cotton knickers and my stockings and suspender belt.

"Now come here, and lie over my knee." I did as I was told, But just as I was going over his knee I turned around and said:

"Not hard, please darling." I must have been still believing that he would only do it half jokingly. But I was in for somewhat of a surprise.

I felt my knickers being pulled off as soon as I was over his knee. Then I gritted my teeth as he raised his hand and I waited for it to come down. I didn't have to wait long it came down with an almighty smack across my bottom. "Ow," I yelped.

"There's more," said Sam. And there was. Smack came his hand again, and "ow" I yelped. I was quite shocked, this was much harder than I had imagined he would do it. The pain was spreading through my bottom. He quickened the pace spanking hard and fast and I clenched my buttocks as his hand came down in rapid succession over them. After a while he let up and slowed down until with one final slap he pulled me up on to my feet.

I was sighing and gasping and rubbing my burning bottom. I went over to the

mirror and looked at the damage. My bottom was a fiery red all over, and it stung like mad.

"It's bright red. My bottom is bright red." I said in Horror.

"What were you expecting?" He said.

"I don't know," I replied rather stupidly. I honestly didn't know.

Sam came over to me and took me in his arms. He was very excited by the spanking that he had just given me, and I could feel it. The initial shock began to wear off and I got back to the thought of Sam's lovely body, and my desire to have his cock inside me. He rubbed my pussy, which was now to my surprise very damp. I begged him to put his cock as quickly as possible right into me. But he licked me first and I came like crazy, then he fucked me and I was writhing and gasping with pleasure.

Later I was able to think about my ordeal over Sam's knee. During the actual spanking I had not been able to think about how I felt I was so overcome with the pain in my bottom and the shock of it all that my mind must have temporarily blacked out all sensation. But looking back on it I realised that I had enjoyed it. Certainly my having such a good orgasm afterwards must have been as a direct result of having been laid across Sam's knee in such a vulnerable way. When I thought of the expectancy of the pain, and lying helplessly over Sam's knee, and having my knickers drawn down slowly to reveal my bottom, and the initial sting through my buttocks. It was all very exciting in its way, I felt abandoned and sexy in a very naughty way.

I had never received this kind of spanking before. I had been spanked by my parents when I was a child, but that was not very frequent and stopped when I was about 12. The only other time was when I was a teenager at school. I was caned over my gym knickers. But that was not like this at all, that was in fact just painful and embarrassing. But last night was very different.

However I did not seem to communicate this to Sam. I thought he was aware enough of me to know what I liked. But as we drove along to Olivia and Allan's house I became more aware that he was feeling guilty over what he had done, and was worried in case he had hurt our relationship beyond repair. In view of what was about to take place I couldn't have been more wrong.

We arrived at Olivia and Allan's house in a much better mood. Sam was relaxed now at last, and I was a little excited over the thought of last nights spanking. In fact I was so taken with the thought of that spanking that my knickers were slightly damp when I arrived there. So a quick trip to the loo was in order after I had said my hellos. When I got to the loo I wiped my pussy with a tissue and gave my knickers a quick wipe. There was a long mirror in the loo and I couldn't help a quick look at my bottom. I pulled my knickers right down and had a close look. There was not much to look at much to

my surprise. Last night when I looked in the mirror and saw that the whole of my bottom was bright red I thought that I would have black and blue marks for weeks. But when I looked now all there was was a small round blue patch in the middle. It had not been uncomfortable to sit anywhere except on that patch so it was logical that it would only be a small patch. But surprising all the same.

When I came into the living room there was a drink already poured for me, and a seat waiting for me next to Frank. The room was filled with chatter and Frank and I began to talk. We discussed his work mainly, which consisted at the moment of investigating an alleged scandal with a large company.

Everyone was true to character so far. Sally was already drunk. She had her hand very close to Tom's knee while she talked to him in drunken confidence, trying to be sexy and just succeeding in being slovenly. I suppose there was an attractiveness about her. She was debauched and very sexual, a physical creature. Jenny was sitting quietly. She had obviously opted not to sit next to any other male guest, as this had been the intention, because she was firmly placing herself next to Frank on the other side of him to me, and listened to him attentively as he discussed his work with me. I tried to bring her into the conversation a few times, but she seemed to decline the offer, prefering just to listen.

Carol and Olivia were sitting on either side of David talking animatedly with him about politics which left George rather stupidly twiddling his thumbs between Carol on one side, who was too engrossed to notice him and Sally on the other who couldn't stand him, and was too involved in making passes, unsuccessfully, to Tom.

But one thing that I could not abide was Davinia making passes at Sam. I caught her out of the corner of my eye, the bitch. She was making deliberate and quite blatant passes towards him. She also knew I was watching. I'd love to have been able to grab her by the hair and throw her out of the house, and I'm not a violent person.

I had no choice but to ignore it, so I did until dinner, when she was separated from Sam. But just before dinner something happened that I didn't think much of at the time but that was to bother me throughout the evening in a niggling way. I had noticed both David and George glancing at their respective spouses and growing steadily, in their own different ways, annoyed. Just as Olivia was about to announce dinner David asked Allan if he could have his dossier for a moment. There was an awkward silence for a small time and then George asked if he could have his dossier too. At this point the silence deepened and Davinia stiffened immediately. She sat up straight with a look of resolate hatred on her face. I was delighted, she was obviously furiously indignant about something she couldn't do anything about. But like a fool I didn't think to work it out. Sally also at this point suddenly sobered up a bit.

The silence hung for a few awkward moments until Olivia announced dinner and we all got up and went off into the dining room. I don't know whether or not nobody else would have stood for it and Olivia knew it, but I was landed next to George. His conversation was as Sam had said it would be and as I had previously seen it on the few occasions I had met him. I sat very politely listening unable to add any more useful comment than "Oh yes", or "really?" I thought at one point that he must have thought I was very unintelligent, but then I realised that he was too wrapped up in himself to notice anything about anyone else.

The dinner progressed without any unusual developments. Sally was a bit more subdued, but more drunk. And Davinia was not going to talk to anyone if she could help it. Everyone else however had an enjoyable time, largely continuing the conversations they were having before.

It was a delicious dinner, a home made asparagus soup followed by a gorgeous casserole, with a strawberry flan for dessert. Olivia was an excellent cook, who really loved her work. You could see the concentration in what must have been hours of blending. Everything was just right and served at the perfect temperature. But most important was the array of the dinner. Good visual arrangement of a meal always enhances the taste.

I for one was feeling quite sated after the meal, and I think that Allan's wine had got to everyone as well. The conversation had died down, not sodden with drink, with the exception of Sally of course, but more distracted.

Looking back on it this was a rather deep distraction, almost a preoccupation. I had seen the kind of contented silence that accompanies the end of a meal, just as the wine is being finished off and this was very different. But I thought nothing of it.

It was presently suggested that we adjourn to more comfortable chairs, which by this time did not go amiss. I was about to sit next to Sam when he moved with that mysteriously nervous manner he had had earlier to another chair. My immediate reaction was offence, but that abated when I told myself that I was not the cause of his anxiety but overwork. I thought I must get to him and try to make him relax, but as I was about to do so Olivia stood in my way, and resolutely and understandingly started a conversation.

"Did you enjoy the casserole?"

"Yes, it was delicious, you must give me the recipe sometime."

"I will, before you leave, it is ever so simple really, once the blending is over it is just a question of timing."

"Timing is my big failure, I've ruined a couple of dinners for Sam by bad timing."

The memory of last nights failure brought a sudden deep blush to my face.

"Yes I know," said Olivia in a knowing way.

Allan's task seemed to be bringing the drinks into the evenings entertainment. He had poured the drinks throughout the evening, had supplied the wine and now he was responsible for the coffee. He brought it in on a silver tray and served it up in tiny cups. Mine he had prepared just as I like it, white with one small spoonful of sugar. As I sat back drinking my coffee I thought to myself that it had been a wonderful evening, the conversation was very interesting, and the food and drink excellent, what more could they provide for us now?

"When are we going to be ready?" said George.

"Have a little patience, George," said Allan with a slight touch of anger, "let the ladies finish their coffee."

"Oh. Sorry old boy."

Olivia was looking around the room and noticing that my coffee was nearly finished she announced that it was time. We all got up and went to the other room. The expression that it was time had as yet no meaning to me, I suppose I had merely thought that we would be going into another room to view Allan's new slides, as I knew he was a keen photographer. The other room was next to the loo, I had noticed it earlier on and thought that it must be simply a games room. We walked in to find that it had a foreboding atmosphere which brought me round from the distracted contented feeling I had had while thinking of the evenings previous indulgence, that is food and wine.

There was a distinct lack of furniture about the room, which struck me immediately. How observant, I thought to myself as I suddenly awoke from stupefaction. There is something strange going on here and I have only just cottoned on. The furniture in the room was arranged like a classroom; there were two rows of chairs, one of four, and one of five. These were facing a desk on which was a small pile of portfolios. For a very brief moment I thought that they were all going to discuss work, but I soon dismissed this as ludricrous. We all sat down, at this point Sam came to sit next to me with a consoling look on his face, which frankly only made my fears and suspicions worse.

Olivia picked up the two portfolios on top of the pile and looked at them intensely. She read for a moment then she said: "Jenny and Carol."

There was a simultaneous gasp from the two girls as they both timidly rose and walked forward. They stood next to Olivia and turned about face so that they were looking at us, albeit very timidly.

Jenny was beginning to cry and Carol was looking very sombre. I, fool that I was still didn't know what was going on. Olivia opened one of the portfolios and began to discuss what was in it.

"Carol. The offences counted against you are overspending the housekeeping on two occasions."

Carol said nothing, but her face turned noticeably redder.

"Jenny, your offence is, as I believe it was last month, flirting with another man."

"Flirting with another man," I couldn't believe it. Jenny was the most obedient of wives, so I thought, at any rate. She would surely never chase after another man.

"Oh, Christ," she moaned, "it was only a joke."

Good heavens, I thought surely Jenny was not capable of this kind of rebellious behaviour; but she was.

"Right," said Olivia, and she went to a draw in the desk. She opened it and brought out a cane, a birch, and a tawse. I was horrorstruck. This was what the evening had been building up to, all those minor suspicions earlier on and now the tension in this room was building up to a major punishment session, but for who exactly? I hoped and prayed that it was not me as well. But something, namely Sam's nervousness led me to believe that my hopes were not to be granted.

"Six strokes of the cane for both of you."

I sat with my mouth open, so did both of the girls. I was horrified, they were terrified.

"This punishment will be given without knickers. Come on hurry up, we can't waste time, off with your knickers and bend over the desk."

The girls did as Olivia requested, with a few whimpers of protest, but without any real gestures of defiance. They bent over the desk. Carol was wearing a short skirt with stockings, and a flesh coloured suspender belt. She pulled up her skirt to reveal flowery knickers covering her pert round bottom. She slowly but with confidence removed her knickers, peeling them over her bottom and letting them fall down to her knees. Her skin was very smooth and very white.

"But surely it will damage her skin to be caned," I said to myself.

"No it won't, she has been caned many times before," said Sam. I wasn't aware that my utterances were being listened to, but they were, apparently by everyone as they all looked round.

Jenny was wearing a long dress which she tried to bundle up over her waist but it was no good. After a couple of stupid attempts Olivia came over and took the dress out of her hands and tucked it under Jenny's waist. The time wasting in this operation was interpreted by Olivia as being deliberate and she announced that Jenny should be given an extra two strokes for this attempt as postponing her punishment.

"Oh, no please Olivia, it was not an attempt at putting off the punishment at all."

"Shut up, Jenny. If I were in your position you would take great delight in giving me an extra couple of strokes for a minor obstruction to the proceedings. In fact I can remember a time when you did just that."

Having taken Jenny's dress up to her waist, Olivia pulled her knickers down to her knees and stepped back to begin the punishment. She raised the cane and brought it down on Carol's bottom, swish crack! Carol gave a little gasp but hardly winced. She moved over to Jenny and brought it down on Jenny's bottom. It landed square across Jenny's buttocks and caused her to yelp.

Olivia moved back and revealed that both strokes had been given full across the centre of the bottoms creating a big red weal across their white bottoms. She raised the cane again and brought it down across Carol's bottom. Again Carol winced only slightly, made only a slight noise and stood still as a sentry. Olivia brought the cane down on Jenny's bottom. Jenny was not as controlled as Carol, but for the first and second stroke she remained relatively calm.

The third stroke caused Carol to clench her buttocks, and Jenny jumped nearly two inches into the air.

"Oh no more, please Olivia." Jenny was trembling.

"Oh do shut up you silly snivelling girl," said Olivia. "You've six more strokes to take and there is nothing that can stop it, so pull yourself together."

She seemed to take heed of what Olivia was saying as she took the third stroke a little better than she had taken the rest.

But the fourth stroke was a different matter. Carol wriggled and let out a howl, she was obviously thinking if only it would be over, but Jenny let out a piercing scream. Carol clutched her hand, and this seemed to calm her down at least for a while. The fifth stroke was delivered with vehemence and both girls jumped and howled. Carol launched into a moan which she tried desperately to control in front of everyone, and Jenny had lost all sense of where she was as she howled and wailed, and repeated over to herself, almost in a chant – "Oh my poor bottom."

"Pull yourself together Jenny, for Christ's sake."

"Oh but it hurts so . . . my poor bottom . . ."

"Oh do shut up Jenny," interjected Frank, "of I will ask that your punishment be increased."

At that Jenny shut up and Olivia was able to proceed, which she did, needless to say with a vehemence. She laid the fifth stroke into them both with much greater power than she had used on any of the others. Carol yelped for the first time, I must confess I had had great admiration for her the way she had stood up to her punishment. And Jenny's howling gave way to almost hysterical crying.

The sixth came just as fiercely, blazing across Carol's bottom with what must have been hell fire. After her stroke Carol was allowed to stand and face the group to have her punishment reviewed by her husband.

"Do you think that she has had

enough?" said Olivia. Tom looked at her bottom. It was covered with red weals criss-crossing each other in an ugly pattern across her smooth skin. She stood dead still as Tom went forward to examine her bottom and decide whether or not she had received enough. He seemed to conclude that she had and Carol breathed a sigh of relief. Her punishment was over and she had no more ordeal to undergo.

"Go to the wall," commanded Olivia.

Carol walked towards the wall, where she stood with her hands on her head for the remainder of the session, her punished bottom on display for everyone to see.

Olivia returned to Jenny who was still bent over the desk, not having dared to move while Carol's bottom was being examined in case she had to suffer more strokes as a result.

"Right, Jenny you still have three more strokes to go, the sixth of your original punishment, and the additional two for causing a delay at the beginning." Olivia was quicker about these than she had been previously. She raised the cane and brought them down in rapid succession, one after another. Each raised a nasty red mark across Jenny's bottom, each brought howling and squirming from Jenny, and the last one brought a gasp of relief.

"Stand up Jenny."

Her bottom was even more painful looking than Carol's. There were the same red weals across it, but more of them, and, it seemed that they were of even greater depth than Carol's.

Frank was called up to examine Jenny's bottom, which he did with great delight.

"OK," he said finally, "that will do for the time being, but you know you can expect more when we get home."

"B-but . . ."

"But where did the Portfolio come from?" Olivia anticipated my question. "Sam gave it to me while you were in the loo."

I felt betrayed, of all the sneaky things to do . . . but then I came to my senses.

We stood up in front of the gathering as the others had done while our crimes were read out. Davinia's were in the nature of not obeying George, and I must confess I could not understand how this could be a crime, it seemed a most natural thing to me not to obey someone as lily-livered as that, but she was to get six strokes of the birch followed by six strokes of the tawse. I as a new initiate was to get three of each, the birch, cane and tawse.

I didn't quite know how to react, I was definitely very frightened about the prospect of all those instruments punishing my bottom, but I was also embarrassed about having to bare my bottom in front of all these relative strangers, and of course these feelings were mixed with a numbness at the fact that I had been invited to a dinner party and then been expected to bend over a desk while my bare bottom was caned, tawsed and birched in front of the guests.

Davinia was ordered to take her dress off, she did so without much fuss. She was wearing black bra and knickers with red suspenders and flesh coloured stockings. She bent over the desk.

"Annette, take down your knickers."

I did so, beneath my skirt.

"Now turn round."

I did so again, Olivia bent me over the desk and lifted up my skirt. I let out a little gasp as she did so. This was it I thought. I became very embarrassed at the thought of all the men peering at my naked bottom, I thought possibly they could see my pussy. But I also thought of what was to come. I was standing nearest to Olivia so it was obvious that my punishment was to come first.

"I will start with the cane on you Annette, three strokes."

I clenched my fists with the thought of what was to come. I daren't look behind me, so I just stared forward at the blank wall, and at Carol and Jenny's poor striped bottoms. I was aware of Olivia raising the cane, it came down with an almighty swish and crack across the middle of my bottom. It took my breath

"Oh no not more, Frank please."

"You know how I hate the kind of undignified behaviour that you have been displaying over this punishment."

"Will you two stop this family bickering. As far as we are concerned this punishment is at an end. Now go and stand against the wall Jenny."

She obeyed Olivia's command and stood next to Carol with her hands on her head in like manner.

Just as Olivia turned to pick up another portfolio there was an almighty thud at the other end of the room, and crash of

chairs. Sally had passed out on the floor. The men all rushed to her rescue, they tried various methods of first aid to revive her but none seemed to work. Finally David took her up into a bedroom where he laid her on a bed to sleep it off.

"I propose," he said upon re-entering, "that next months session be entirely devoted to the punishment of Sally."

"I second and amend it slightly," said Olivia, "there will be a need to punish someone else as well, let's devote the major portion of next months session to Sally's punishment." The motion was carried unanimously, the two punishment girls not voting.

"Right, let's proceed." Olivia picked up the next two portfolios, "Davinia and Annette."

"Me," I said in horror.

"Yes you, who else?"

At last a small reprieve. It was Davinia's turn now. I regretted being punished with her, because I would like to have seen the full force of Olivia's tawsing and birching from a good vantage point. It would have been very gratifying. But all I was to get was a view of her face, and that was taken in dreaded glances, during the intervals between being totally absorbed with my own pain and embarrassment. "Legs apart slightly, Davinia." Olivia was obviously just as keen on getting one in on Davinia as I would have been. She seemed to be taking an endless time in aiming the birch across Davinia's bottom, but finally it came down. I heard a loud crack "Ow, Oh Olivia."

"Oh, shut up Davinia, I've taken much worse than that from you before."

Whack, it came down again.

"Ow, oh Christ."

Whack.

"Ow."

Whack.

Now it was my turn to share in Davinia's punishment. Olivia came over to me in order that I should share the remaining half of Davinia's birching.

"Have you ever had the birch before?" She asked almost sympathetically.

"N-no, n-never," I managed to reply a bit bewildered.

Without a further word it was upon me.

"Ouch," I cried. This was a much fiercer instrument than the cane. It seemed to spread a fiery pain throughout my whole bottom with only one stroke.

Davinia took her fifth stroke a little more calmly than before, I on the other hand nearly jumped out of my skin. This was a very nasty one which made me think that my entire bottom must be bleeding and tortured. This was of course rubbish, but it felt like it at the time.

The sixth stroke landed on Davinia's bottom.

"Ow, you bitch . . . you bitch." Olivia paused and then proceeded to give my final birch stroke. I howled and wriggled with the agony.

"I propose," she said, turning to the men, "that Davinia be given an extra six strokes of the cane for that little outburst."

"Good show," said George.

"I take that as consent to the additional punishment."

She proceeded with the tawse, giving Davinia four strokes in rapid succession. She wriggled and screamed as the tawse came down with terrific force on her bottom in a barrage of strokes. She was in near hysterical tears by the time it came to my turn to take the fourth stroke. I looked over at Davinia with satisfaction, watching the tears run down her bright red face, taking a trail of mascara with them.

But my enjoyment was short-lived. The tawse came down on my unsuspecting bottom with a force that I had not expected. I howled and squirmed as it away. The pain was incredible, a sharp sting across my buttocks, and a burning pain that lingered throughout my entire bottom. I gritted my teeth, and closed my eyes in anticipation of the next one, which came after a pause which was obviously intended to allow me to get my breath, this one criss-crossed the other and caused me to howl. I couldn't control it. Olivia was obviously delighted by my reaction.

"There is much more yet, Annette," she said as she delivered the third stroke with equal ferocity. I felt my buttocks clench with the pain, and a numbness came over my lower half.

seemed to wrap my entire bottom in a blanket of pain. Olivia quickened the pace, moving rapidly from me to Davinia, and back to me, both of us howling and wriggling with agony. Finally it was over.

"Get up Annette. Face the group."

My face was bright red and very tear-stained, I could only hold my head half up, I was so embarrassed.

"Are you satisfied?" Olivia asked Sam.

"Quite."

"Good, now stand against the wall."

I went up to the wall where Carol and Jenny had now calmed down. I stood next to them, I was shaking like a leaf. My legs were like jelly, and my bottom was quivering. I must have looked a sight. Carol and Jenny were standing up straight with very red faces. I gathered that this was the thing to do if one didn't want extra punishment, so I followed their example to the best of my acutely embarrassed, and shaking ability. Behind us we heard the sound of Davinia being caned. O'via had now quickened the pace, this I later learned was because Davinia liked to take her punishment in easy stages and couldn't handle the kind of quickfire caning that Olivia was now giving her. All I could hear was a succession of loud cracks accompanied by constant screaming from Davinia.

Finally her punishment came to an end, and after George had agreed that she had had enough she joined us against the wall, crying hysterically. What a sight we must have looked. Four women standing with their hands on their heads facing the wall, and their bottoms exposed for the examination of the men. I felt hands roaming across my bottom, but I didn't dare look round.

"Before this punishment session is closed, I would like to remind everyone that next months is to be held at Tom and Carol's." Olivia then declared the meeting closed. I felt a hand move round and fondle my breasts. It was Sam. He pulled me towards him and led me out of the room to another a bedroom.

"Well what did you think?"

"What an absurd question." I said, then I paused for a while it dawned on me that I had enjoyed it. I took the remainder of my clothes off.

"So do you want to be a part of it, and take a turn at conducting the punishments?"

"Well I don't know. I may not be able to punish the other girl's bottoms . . . well Davinia's, and Olivia after the way she laid into my bottom tonight."

Sam smiled. "You will be completely different when your turn comes."

From one of the other rooms we heard a faint smacking sound, followed by "Oh Frank, please no more." We heard faintly coming from our distant right.

"Jenny's getting the extra Frank promised her." I said. And the sound of that was enough to excite me beyond control. I dragged Sam into bed and we embarked on a night of love sessions I was not to forget for a long time. ●

READERS LETTERS

This Letter is from New Zealand

Dear Editor,

I have just read a very dog-eared copy of *Martinet*, it has been well read and murdered (mutilated), but though there is the odd letter referring to the spanking or beating of males, most of them are of the chastisement of females. And all the pictures are of female bottoms, mostly bare. I don't know if you take letters from males who get their bottoms smacked, but here is my little contribution.

My mother usually did the spanking or caning, in our family. She died while I was still a boy, and an aunt who was also 'handy' in that respect followed on. One instance that stands out particularly was when I woke early and wanted to ask my Aunt something, and went to her room. I was thirteen and just had on a nightshirt. To my amazement my aunt and uncle were out of bed, completely naked, and Aunty was bending over, and Uncle was about to enter from the rear. I was naive enough then to believe Uncle was about to spank Aunty.

My aunt was furious, grabbed me, sat on the bed, raised my nightie, and gave me a sound spanking. I believe sound is the word, because in the quiet of the bedroom it sounded real loud, and she was mad, and made my bottom tingle. And talking of Uncle spanking Aunty, it was the other way round, and could still be going on, with them.

I never forgot that spanking over her soft heavy thighs, and whenever she gave me further spankings or canings, I fantasised that I was lying over her naked thigh, right near her hairy patch, and masturbated at night thinking of it. My aunt is a bossy woman, and wants her own way in everything, and it was very easy to provoke her to spank me, which she did hard and often. But it was a shock when I saw my uncle, naked as a baby, face down across my aunt's ample knee, being spanked with the back of a hairbrush.

Because she always spanked me on my bare bottom, and mostly when I was bare, she explained to me that to be humiliated was part of the punishment, and it was humiliating to be made to strip naked for a whipping.

But I was so much involved in being spanked, caned or strapped, and had such a strong desire for it, that I had the faint marks of aunty's cane on the day I was married at the age of twenty-five. I know most people will say that children are not spanked or caned — surely not a twenty-five year old male?

But Aunty loved her mastery over me and I loved her domination over me. She is an intelligent woman, and she knew what I wanted, and it suited her completely, because if I had not submitted to her, apart from the spanking I would have been turned out, because she believed when I came of age, I was able to look after myself.

I always believed I would marry a big, beefy woman, quite capable of putting me over her knee, and I did in fact get interested in a couple of beefy women. Not at the same time. The first was a very nice person. We went out together, and I was on the point of popping the question when we got caught in a storm, and took shelter in a small country pub. After a few drinks I asked her if and when we were married, and I did not behave, would she be game to take the strap to me. Much to my surprise she said no, definitely not. She thought me immature and would need to grow up before asking a woman to marry me.

She urged me to see a psychiatrist, and much to my regret we saw little of each other after that. She was 5' 10" to my 5' 8", and she was much heavier than me, and four years older. And facially she looked more male than I do, for I look much younger than I really am.

The second one was a bit of a giggle, at least from her point of view. I confided in her my desires, and she listened poker-faced, but she must have had a good laugh at my expense when I was not present.

She herself suggested we have a dress rehearsal, at her place, and I was thrilled and could not work very well all day, anticipating the night. She was a typical English woman, taller than average, but with sturdy limbs. I went to her place that night, and she gave me a couple of drinks of whisky, and they were strong, and removed any shyness I had. When she took me into a bedroom she told me to strip off, everything. This was going to be good, just like Aunty did it. I had only been out with her twice, to the pictures — no kissing even.

For the first time in my life I was scared when she got a cane, and told me to bend over. Her muscular arm seemed bigger than a weight-lifter's. I felt about three feet tall, and she seemed to be at least eight feet tall.

I read somewhere that a man who desires to be whipped deserves to be whipped. She held my wrist up my back, and in that way I was helpless and at her mercy. She caned me until I was crying real tears, and finally while I was still in tears, and trying to massage some of the pain out of my bottom, she called out: 'Edward, are you there? Come and do your duty,' whereupon a hugh hairy fellow came into the room. He had on only a pair of very brief trunks and showed a very big powerful hairy body, and the huge bulge in his briefs would have made my wee fellow look like a boy's. The woman said to him: 'She has been a naughty girl again, you will have to put her over your knee, and smack her bottom. I've caned her, but she needs further punishment.'

To be referred to as another woman was humiliating in itself, but the big hairy ape said: 'Mamma says you have been a naughty girl again, and Mammie says Daddie has to spank you. Come here dear, and get over Daddy's knee.'

He took me by force, and laid me face down over his huge hairy knee, and then 'daddy' did indeed spank my poor little striped bottom. I was crying long before he finished. He paused a couple of times during the spanking, and asked if that was enough, and the single reply was 'more!'

She went and sat on his knee, and he unashamedly mauled her in my presence. She had no knickers on, and had evidently thrashed me without them. After she had handled my wee man, she told her man to

show me a man's dick. He was a big man, real big, but his member was very big. I left their place with my tail definitely between my legs.

It took me some time to get over that. In fact it nearly cured me of the desire to have my bottom smacked, preferably by a woman, but not quite.

Considerably later, when the thrashings and the spankings were only a memory, I longed to be under 'Petticoat rule' at Aunty's again, but though I had a bit of money in the bank, I did not want to throw up a real good job, and she had people staying with her by this time. And quite by accident I became friendly with a woman employed by the same concern as myself. We went out together in a very casual way at first, and though I had no other girls to see, had never been intimate with one, she seemed to play the field. But after a few times together, she went out with me, steady. I am not a big man, but she was about my size, and I became fond of her. It was as a personality, and not as a possible bottom-smacker that I regarded her.

We had been married for a considerable time before the opportunity arose for me to be chastised by the woman I loved more than anything else. And it was connivance on my part, opportunity on hers. She was higher up in the firm than I was, and still is, and she would go to work later — going to business I believe they call it — and she stayed later at night, so I used to put the meal on, and have everything ready for when she returned approximately an hour later.

I am a carpenter, working 8 to 4.30, my wife 9.30 to 5.30, sometimes 6 o'clock. A big outfit. The offices were as big almost as the works. I say used to, because mostly now I also prepare vegetables, and meat even, under her expert instructions. But one night when the two of us won a sweep, we got into the pub to shout the rest of our work gang, and I was more than a little tipsy when I got home, and like any 'housewife' went to the bedroom to put on something cooler.

Stripped naked, I put my belt at the side of me, and pretended I was asleep, but did actually fall asleep, and the first thing I knew was a burning sensation in the region of my bottom. It continued until my bottom was one big burn. Almost beyond belief, my quiet, unassuming wife had used the belt on my bare bottom. The next morning she was very subdued when I took her breakfast to her in bed. She said she could not resist the invitation; she said how boyish I always seemed, and she said she believed both boys and girls were no worse for a tickle up once in a while. But she said undoubtedly I would want revenge, and she said with a rueful smile, even convicted persons were allowed a good breakfast before execution. That she was scared of receiving similar punishment, but she was no coward, and I feel sure she would have submitted.

When she had finished breakfast she got out of bed to be spanked, and I gave her a shake. I said she did not deserve spanking as she had done nothing to deserve it, while I had. I stripped off and asked her to put me over her knee, and give me another spanking, which she did with much enthusiasm with the back of her hair brush.

Since then she has spanked me many times, strapped or caned me the odd time. That she enjoys her mastery over me is evident, and she has become a real Martinet. A real husband-spanker, and gives it over her knee — the cane or strap. I bend over, and I am sure she enjoys her mastery over me. I am one husband who has never spanked his wife, but has had his bare bottom smacked with the hand, spanked with a hairbrush, caned or strapped by a loving wife. She knows I like it that way, and is more than willing — no, eager — to oblige.

A well-spanked husband,
George O'Brien

A New Campaign

Dear Sir,

When my daughter Pamela was a little girl, my remedy for any naughtiness was swift and simple. Across my knee, knickers down, and a brisk smacking on her chubby, childish little bottom soon had her weeping noisily as she learned that the penalty for misbehaviour was a very sore sit-upon.

Now that Pamela is a 'grown-up' and very attractive young lady of seventeen she still finds herself in that unhappy position from time to time. Nowadays, though, her spankings are much more severe and prolonged, though the end result (no pun intended) is the same — floods of tears and passionate promises of future good behaviour, promises which are actually kept for some time.

I know that by her age many girls have been 'promoted' to the tawse or cane. I have experimented with both, and Pamela has some very painful memories of writhing and howling across her bed while her sensitive bare bottom was very thoroughly belted or decorated with an agonising pattern of throbbing, scorching cane weals. I still have both cane and strap in reserve, ready to use whenever I see fit, but on the whole I have come to the conclusion that I can do all that is necessary in the way of salutary chastisement with hand or hairbrush while my erring daughter is face down across my lap. She knows that before I have finished with her she will have been very effectively punished, as may be seen by the utter dismay on her pretty face when she is informed that she is 'for it.'

Once I have decided to spank her she knows that protests or arguments are a waste of breath. She waits in glum anticipation until 10 p.m., which is 'spanking time' in our household. When that time arrives, without being told she goes to her room, takes off her tights and knickers and, if she is wearing jeans, changes into a skirt. Then she comes down again, bringing with her the wooden-backed hairbrush from her dressing table. She puts the brush on the table, then walks to where I am sitting on the settee. I don't 'put' her across my knee. She has to take up that position of her own accord, which she does with very obvious reluctance. Then, as she stretches out her long legs until her toes are just touching the floor, I slowly and deliberately fold up her skirt to her waist.

At her age, Pamela is very much aware of the indignity of lying across Dad's knee with her shapely white bottom bared for a spanking. The humiliation is part of her punishment, and I prolong it by lecturing her on her misdeeds as she lies there. Then I smack her bottom. I lay on pretty hard, making each slap really sting. She is soon wriggling vigorously, gasping, squealing and finally crying as her tender, quivering buttocks turn first pink and then a bright 'sunburn' red. Finally I stop and tell her to get up, which she does, her red, tear-stained face eloquent of the shame she feels. Without daring to rub her stinging bottom, no matter how much she longs to do so, she walks to the table, picks up the hairbrush and brings it to me.

It is a very unhappy young lady who lowers

herself across my lap once more. She knows that even though her bottom is smarting fiercely the smacking she has received was only a preliminary to warm up the sensitive flesh of her girlishly plump and rounded buttocks in preparation for the main punishment still to come. Then she lets out a yelp as I bring down the brush with a resounding thwack, the hard wood stinging far more painfully than my hand would. I don't paddle away at random, but spank to a definite pattern, working in 'groups' of twelve spanks. I start with three spanks on the left buttock, each on a different spot, then three more on the right, then six alternately, left-right, left-right, left-right.

Meanwhile my wife, Helen, sits beside me on the settee and holds Pamela's wrists to stop her trying to avoid punishment by covering her burning seat. I pause for a minute to let Pamela appreciate the full sting of those spanks and anticipate those still to come. At that stage, poor Pamela is already feeling very sorry for herself, squirming and sobbing and looking more like a naughty seven-year-old than the self-possessed young lady she was not very long ago. Then I lay on another twelve solid, stinging spanks in the same pattern as before. After another brief pause, while Pamela howls and blubbers and waves her legs frantically I vary my tactics for the third dozen. Instead of spreading my spanks over the whole surface of those scarlet, quivering cheeks I concentrate on the lower curves, just above the thighs. First six hearty whacks on the right buttock, each one landing on the same spot, then six on the left.

By this time Pamela is is a very, very unhappy girl. Whatever her offence was, she is certainly regretting it very bitterly by this time. After the third dozen spanks I allow her a ten-minute cooling-off period. She lies across my lap, sobbing and wailing, her roasting buttocks squirming and clenching as though trying to squeeze out the fiery stinging. Her wails take the form of words, the age-old lament of the naughty girl under punishment.

'Oh please, Dad, *don't*, no more, *please!* Please, I'm sorry! I'll never do it again, I promise, I *promise!* Oh please, my bottom hurts so much, I can't bear any more, I *can't!*'

Even if I were inclined to let her off at this point, my wife would not agree. Helen was brought up very strictly herself and knows from personal experience how much punishment a plump teenage bottom is capable of absorbing. Pamela may be very sore and very repentant, but now that the furnace in her wriggling rump has had a chance to cool down a little it's time to carry on where I left off, and make sure that she learns her lesson. So, my arm goes up, the hairbrush comes down, there's a shriek from Pamela and a resounding, juicy thwack, as the flat, hard wood makes stinging contact with tender, curved flesh, already exquisitely hot and sore from previous smacks. Pamela is due for another three dozen stingers and she gets them, each spank carefully aimed and delivered with that flexible wrist action which gives it an extra sting. This time the pattern is varied to ensure that in addition to the whacks on her flaming rear end my naughty girl also receives six of the very best on the tender flesh of each thigh, just below the buttocks.

A sound hand-spanking and six dozen with the hairbrush. That's Pamela's usual dose, and it always reduces her to the status of a howling, blubbering little girl as Helen leads her upstairs and puts her to bed, to sob herself to sleep.

She got her last tanning about a fortnight ago, when Helen caught her smoking in her bedroom. This is strictly forbidden; we love our daughter too much to let her run the risk of lung cancer. During the interval after the first three dozen with the brush had produced the usual state of tearful repentance, Helen placed a cigarette between Pamela's quivering lips and we made her smoke it as she lay there. The idea was that in future she would associate the taste of tobacco with the pain and humiliation of a soundly spanked bottom. I think it worked. Yesterday we were visited by Helen's younger sister, Molly, who offered Pamela a cigarette.

'No thanks, Aunt Molly!' said Pamela. 'I *hate* them!'

Molly remarked that she ought to stop smoking herself, but lacked the willpower. I told her that we knew a good anti-smoking method and, rather to Pamela's embarrassment, described how we had cured' her. Helen jokingly suggested that if Molly really wanted to stop smoking, she ought to try our treatment. I certainly didn't object to the idea. Molly is a beautiful and elegant woman of thirty, and I enjoyed the thought of taking her across my knee, baring her delightfully-curved bottom and spanking her like a naughty teenager. To my surprise, Molly seemed to take the suggestion seriously. She asked Pamela how hard I spanked. Pamela gave her an eloquent and detailed description, and Molly blushed and squirmed in her chair, obviously imagining the effect of the hairbrush upon her own shapely rear. Finally she said to me:

'Well, I do really want to stop smoking, but I'm not brave enough to let you spank me here and now. First I'll try to stop just by using my willpower. But if I haven't stopped a week from now I — I'll go across your knee and try your hairbrush cure.'

Will she keep her word? That remains to be seen. But she has promised to visit us next Friday evening to confess if she is still smoking. The hairbrush will be on the table ready for use. I can just imagine her emotions as she wriggles red-faced across my lap as I fold up her skirt to bare her delicious backside for the soundest spanking of her life.

Yours faithfully,
D. Hallett

Dear Sir—What a wonderful idea. We could do a very good service to the public. This could be the answer to solving the smoking problem we have today, and it takes all ages and both sexes into account. A new anti-smoking campaign slogan: 'More Sparnking and Less Smoking!'—Ed.

'More than Meets the Eye'

Dear Editor,

My boss is a *Martinet* reader, and I've been looking at No. 7 which he left lying around. I notice that practically all the readers' letters are about the punishment of children or young people or about things which happened years ago, or both. I'm usually referred to as a 'girl', but in fact I'm thirty-two and divorced, and I'm sure I'm not the only 'girl' of my age who is subject to corporal punishment, whether it be from husband, boyfriend, or (as in my case) from boss. I don't think my boss (I'll call him Mr G) would mind me writing to you. If he does I might get another hiding! But I'll take the risk.

I certainly don't hate him, or resent the punishments he's given me. After all, I've made the choice, to 'take it' rather than leave, and deep down I'd be inclined to agree with him that they've done me a world of good. Most of the time I'm quite a good sec./PA, but I know I have my offdays when I'm moody, bad-tempered, pretty useless at my job — sometime deliberately provocative. *He* says I can be the world's biggest bitch. I don't know about that, but I have to agree that often I can be a bit of a B. Mr G makes no bones about being an MCP, in fact he's proud of it, and says, emphatically and often, that women (though they have their uses!) are irrational and emotional, and that a damned good hiding is one of the few things they understand.

He has told me — it rather took my breath away — that when he picked me out of the secretarial pool to be his own sec./PA (a really plum job for any of us girls) he did so because (a) I have a figure that clicks with him (I'm far from skinny — I'm 5' 7" and 39-24-39); and (b) I always looked so sullen and snooty that he decided he just had to take me in hand and take me down a peg or two! He's certainly done that!

On my very first day with him, while standing beside him having something explained to me, I got three hearty and quite painful swipes across my rear with a heavy, flexible 18" plastic ruler. After I'd been with him a week, just as I was deliriously happy, having taken possession of my own little Fiat which went with the job, he told me he wasn't happy about my work — I was careless, inclined to be insolent, and bitchy — and I got the choice: A jolly good spanking to liven my ideas up, or back to the pool. I didn't hesitate. I didn't relish the idea of a spanking one little bit, but I fancied the alternative far less! So there and then, with his office door locked for ten minutes, I went across his knee, up came my dress, down went my panties and tights, and down came that plastic ruler, very hard, twelve times. I wept with the pain (and, I suppose, the humiliation, but to be honest I had found it rather exciting) but he just waited till I'd dried my eyes then bundled me out to get on with my work, with a warning to watch my step, or he wouldn't hesitate to give me the same again or worse.

I did get the same again, three weeks later. Then, a month after that, when we had a storm over a stupid but very costly mistake I'd made, and I was summoned for a dose of discipline, instead of the plastic ruler he told me to bring over what was in the bottom drawer of his bureau. 'It' was a long, smooth, yellow, slender school cane with waxed tape round the business end and a crooked handle the other end. It quivered in my hands as, with a funny feeling in my tummy, I brought it across to him, and he proceeded to leave me in no doubt about its swishability by bending it backwards and forwards into semicircles between his hands followed by several practice swishes through the air. Then, with underwear lowered to my knees I had to touch my toes, knees stiff, and my dress was folded up above my waist, and six times that cane whistled through the air and six times it seared across my flesh like a red hot iron followed by a throbbing surge of pain through the whole of my buttocks. Then, sobbing noisily, I was told I'd got no less than I deserved. I 'adjusted my dress', and put the cane away, and was told to get back to work.

That was just about a year ago. Since then I've had six of the best twice more and eight strokes on three subsequent occasions. It was after that first caning that I thought hard again about my position, and I decided, even more determinedly than before that I wasn't going to give up, that my job, with its £1700 a year more than I was getting in the pool, with my little car, quite a lot of foreign travel with Mr G, and

other perks, was worth an occasional tanning. Besides, having to bare my bottom to receive six or even eight cuts with that cane, didn't seem quite so terrible as it had at first, and moreover those punishments were making me think hard about the conduct on my part which provoked them, and I was beginning to see Mr G's point of view.

None of these thoughts have been changed by last night's caning (that word seems inadequate for what I got — a 'sound whipping' was Mr G's term for it, and I'm not disagreeing with him), only the realization that I really have got to take myself in hand if I'm going to avoid another like it. I'd sent Mr G off to Manchester for a conference on an important contract with the wrong set of files. And, as he quickly realized when he got back, more or less foaming at the mouth, had taken the opportunity to idle my time away while he was on his fruitless and terribly embarrassing journey. Of course, the inevitable happened. After he'd told me just what he thought of me, he picked up the cane and said:

'Right, Liz, hold your hand out.' I stared. This had never happened before. But of course I knew only too well what he meant, and I put out my right hand, palm up. He stood back and slashed the cane down; and again. The pain was fiendish. I snatched my hand back and put it under my armpit. 'Keep it there,' he growled. Shaken, I put it out again. Three, four, five, six. I sobbed. 'Other hand,' he said. I put out my left hand. Six on that one. I hugged both palms and more or less danced on alternate feet. 'Stand up straight,' he barked, 'I'll teach you a lesson, my girl.' He walked behind me, and suddenly I heard the cane again and it cut into my shoulders.

'Off with your dress he said, 'and anything else you've got on underneath it.' Miserably I struggled out of my dress and slip and stood there in bra and tights and panties. I was hugging my hands again, tears streaming down my cheeks. 'You can take that thing off as well,' he said, pointing with the cane to my bra. 'I've been too soft with you, Liz. Now I'm going to liven your ideas up.'

I unhooked my bra and took it off, feeling my breasts swing free. 'That's better,' he said, walked behind me again, and jerked me upright with three more quick slashes across my shoulders. 'Come on, double, to the door and back six times. Quicker!' Grizzling, I ran as ordered, my boobs flying all over the place. I had never felt so humiliated in my life.

'Now running on the spot, fast as you can,' he ordered. I obeyed, gasping for breath, everything jiggling up and down like anything, while he watched. 'Right, that'll do,' he said. 'Now take the rest off.' Still panting, I completed my strip off, and stood there in front of him stark naked, while he surveyed me, eyes cold as steel.

'Right, Liz,' he said, 'this time it's not going to be six or eight of the best. I'm going to whip you so soundly that it'll be a lesson you'll remember for a long time.' He placed in the middle of the room a high stool which I hadn't noticed before but which I recognized as one from the draughtsmen's room.

'Across there,' he ordered. I draped myself across the top, bottom up. 'Right on,' he said, 'I want your feet off the ground, hands on the bottom rung.' I perched there, miserably aware of my naked buttocks and thighs, the skin on them tight as a drum, awaiting chastisement. 'Two dozen,' he said. I gasped, and sobbed with wretched anticipation. For five minutes or so there was no sound but the periodic high-pitched swish of the cane, the quick thud of it landing across my bottom, my thighs, and above all on the excruciatingly tender bit in between, each stroke followed by my own agonised 'Awooh!' my squawks soon merging into a general blubbering, and Mr G's steady voice counting. It seemed an age before, through a sea of pain, I heard him say 'Twenty-four.'

I somehow scrambled off the stool and stood there howling like a kid. He poured us both a brandy from his drinks cupboard. Then still

sobbing noisily I gingerly got my things on. There was no softness or solicitation in him at all. He watched impassively till I'd more or less regained control of myself.

'I hope that hurt,' he said. I nodded, gulping, not trusting myself to speak. 'And I hope you've learnt your lesson, Liz, and will take damned good care not to let me down in future. Have you?'

'Yes, yes, I have,' I got out, crying afresh. 'I promise I'll try not to let you down again.'

'Good,' he said. And that was that. Driving home afterwards was agony. I had a bath and surveyed myself in the mirror. Buttocks and thighs covered with a criss-cross of red and purple ridges, terribly tender. And four more across my shoulders. And my hands feeling like lumps of lead.

The one thing I'm absolutely sure of is that from now onwards I'm going to try as I've never tried before to keep my mind on my job and not give way to my careless bitchy moods. If I can do

.lly be a different person. And in a funny sort of way I really feel quite grateful to Mr G, for being tough enough and hard enough to give me that thrashing. I hate soft weak men, and that Mr G is certainly not!

Yours truly,
Elizabeth Browning

Dear E.B.—What a painful story, though you have learnt a lesson, as you say. But I don't think your boss was very wise, caning your hands, as after all being a businessman I'm sure he would

have realized you couldn't do your typing as well as you should. Or maybe he was going to take advantage of your inability as an excuse to cane you again. Only you would know. Yours—Ed.

Sort of Sadist

Dear Sir,

I am now twenty-five years of age, and corporal punishment has played an important part in my life. I was brought up by a spinster aunt. She gave me a good education, stinted me for nothing, and I had a great affection for her, but she had one great defect in her character, as I now know, she was a sort of sadist. It wasn't that she inflicted brutal floggings on me. It might have been better if she had. I think it was her way of asserting herself and showing she was boss, by pretending to hurt and humiliate me, especially when I was a teenager.

When I was a little girl I used to go across her knees with my skirt up and knickers down for a spanking by hand on my bare bottom. This was perfectly normal treatment for a naughty child. When I was thirteen, auntie started using a short leather tawse. I went over her knees as usual and got the tawse instead of her hand on my bare bottom. Of course, the strap stung more than the hand, but to be honest, her tawse wasn't sore, and it wasn't meant to be sore. It was too short, the leather was too soft, and the six narrow fingers at the end did little more than rather pleasantly warm my naked bottom. It was very different from the two-fingered Lochgelly straps used by our teachers at school on our palms. They really did hurt.

I think I was about fifteen when auntie got the idea that humiliation was an important part of corporal punishment. No longer was it a case of over her knee with skirt up and knicks down. She made me undress completely and stand astride a chair, bending over it in such a way that 'all' was revealed. At first I was terribly humiliated, but before long I got used to it. From this time aunty's spankings began to last longer and longer. There was no pain, just an ever-increasing warm glow, which coupled with the knowledge that she was gazing all the time between my widespread legs began to turn me on. At first she stopped before I could reach a climax, so I had to go to my room when it was over and 'do it myself'. Then one night she prolonged the spanking. I felt it coming on, and my legs began working uncontrollably. I am sure she knew what was happening, because she strapped me more and more quickly until my legs quivered and shut in an orgiastic frenzy. She must have seen the moisture in my vulva, and must have realized from my limpness that I had come, but nothing was said. But from then onwards I was hooked and got myself spanked two or three times a week. For one glorious fortnight I got a spanking every day.

Just after I left school at eighteen, auntie died, and I was on my own. But she had done a terrible thing to me. By misusing corporal punishment she had made me an addict to receiving sexual stimulation from the gentle and prolonged application of a soft leather strap to my bare bottom. I hope this will be a warning to those mothers and teachers who in mistaken kindness do not punish severely. Let me say to them, if you are going to use corporal punishment on your daughters, use a Lochgelly tawse or a punishment cane, and raise welts on their tender buttocks. You will be doing them a great service!

After aunty's death I was in a succession of digs, more and more miserable at being deprived of my stimulation. I did well enough for myself and got a pretty good job, but as the years went on I became irritable and snappy. I became unpopular with landladies and had to change digs with monotonous regularity. Given notice for the umpteenth time, I trudged around finding nothing I liked. Then suddenly a door was opened by a pleasant, good-looking woman of about forty. I liked the room, and also the idea that she wanted me to be one of the family. She was a widow with twin daughters of fifteen. She apologised for the mess in the living room as she was tidying her desk. The contents of drawers and pigeon holes were spread out on the table, and there, in the middle, was a Lochgelly Strap!!! It was a magnifient streamlined model, made of smooth black leather with two wicked looking thongs at the business end. She must have been conscious of my gaze rivetted on it.

'Oh dear,' she smiled, 'you must think me a monster. The first thing you see is a punishment strap!' She put it away in one of the pigeon holes of the desk. 'The truth is,' she confessed, 'the girls are lively specimens. There is nothing nasty about them, but they are always getting into scrapes, and I use the strap to teach them the error of their ways.' She brought the strap out, saying: 'You know, there's nothing brutal about using a leather tawse on girls. This was my mother's strap, and I know just how it feels.'

I asked to see it, and as I handled the smooth, cool leather, I could feel the old urge stirring me. Trying to sound casual I said: 'I got the strap too when I was a schoolgirl.

She looked at me and laughed. 'You are not much more than that now. How old are you? Twenty?'

I thought rapidly. Though I am quite well developed, I am small and so young-looking that no-one believes that I am twenty-five. I grinned and said: 'As a matter of fact, I am nineteen.'

'I'm so glad,' she replied, 'you could be quite a companion for the girls. In school costume you would look as young as they are.

With a smile I said: 'You shall judge for yourself, because I often play tricks on people by wearing school uniform. I have a complete outfit.' It was agreed I would move in as soon as possible. I insisted she called me by my first name, Cherry, and she asked me to call her Mum.

I settled in very easily. The twins, Ann and Pam, were a delightful pair, and despite the gap in ages, we became great friends. It was soon evident that Mum was not strap happy. For over a

week it lay in its pigeon hole, visible but inactive. Then one night I went into the girls' room, they were sitting glumly on the bed. When I asked why, they said they were going to get the strap. My heart gave a jump, but I managed to look sorry. 'What happens?' I asked.

'We have to go down at ten o'clock wearing only blouse and knickers, then kneel in the easy chair with our knickers down and get a strapping on the bare bottom.'

'Is it sore?' I asked.

'Yes,' they replied with feeling, 'it stings like hell. Mum's strap is just like a school one with two fingers, and it's like

getting two straps both at once.'

I consoled them as best I could and went downstairs. Just before ten Mum said: 'By the way, Cherry, I'm having to give the twins a taste of the strap tonight. They'll be down at ten, but there is no need for you to go away. You are one of the family.' I needed no persuading. At school I had often seen other girls getting the strap on the hand, but I had never seen a girl getting her bottom strapped. Right on the dot two apprehensive maidens came in, clad in white blouses and navy knickers. Mum got out the strap.

'Whose turn is it to be first?' Ann stepped forward. 'Take down your knickers and kneel in the chair,' said Mum sternly. Poor Ann slowly pulled her knickers down to her knees. As her blouse stopped at her waist, she was exposing quite a lot of herself. She knelt in the chair, bending down over the arm and resting her head and elbows on the floor. Her bottom was neatly presented in a curve by the arm of the chair, and to my surprise Mum stood astride Ann's head, so as to strap the girl's bottom lengthwise from waist to thigh. She raised the strap and brought it down hard on Ann's right buttock, which quivered with the impact and showed the double red imprint of the two leather thongs. Ann gave a yelp of pain as the strap landed, followed by another as it came down on her left buttock. After Ann had received four good, hard whacks on each quivering buttock, she was allowed to get up, and Pam took her place for the same treatment. After correction neither girl tried to shield her front or pull up her knickers. Both hands were fully employed trying to soothe their smarting bottoms. 'Up to bed,' said Mum sternly, 'and let that be a lesson to you.'

The sight of two young shapely bottoms being strapped got me back in the mood. 'How long will that keep them out of trouble?' I asked.

'Probably a week,' she answered. 'Thank goodness they are girls and not boys. A few weeks ago their cousin, a boy of fifteen, was staying with us. They all got into a scrape so I decided to give them all a good sound whipping. I got them down in their underwear as usual, punished the girls first, ending with three on each hand. George got the same, but when he turned to hold out his hand with his pants down, his penis was sticking out like a barge pole. I'm afraid that the girls forgot their discomfort and started to giggle, and frankly I could hardly keep my face straight when strapping him! We must invite George again and strap him for your benefit!'

The girls seemed to settle down to a sort of routine weekly spanking, sometimes ending with a few whacks on extended palms. Mum told me that for serious offences like smoking she made them undress completely, and gave them at least nine on each buttock, followed by several on the palms. That made me think. It would involve the girls in a severe thrashing, but I would get one too if all went well. The first thing I did was to invite them into my room one night to see my school gear.

'Let's see you with it on, Cherry,' they said, and were going to leave me to change.

'No need to go, girls, I said, 'you won't embarrass me.' They chatted merrily as I took off my dress and slip, unhooked my bra, and slipped off my panties and tights. I pottered around naked for a few minutes, letting them see my full, firm breasts, well rounded hips and luxuriant pubic bush. I then put on my school togs, took off my make-up and did my hair in pigtails. Giggling merrily they marched me down to see Mum.

'You'd better be careful, Cherry,' she smiled, 'I might mistake you for a twin and give you a spanking one of these days!' If only you would, I thought. I always smoked a bit, but now I stepped up my consumption, and began to ask the girls into my room for a smoke when Mum was out. It soon became a regular habit.

Then one night I knew Mum was going out only for a short time, while the girls thought she would be late. I invited them into my room, opened a small bottle of gin, lit up, and changed into my school clothes. We were

all drinking and puffing like chimneys, when the door opened, and there was Mum. She was furious and told the twins to come down at ten for a good sound thrashing.

'Please listen, Mum,' I begged. I want you to let the girls off. This is all my fault. If anyone is to be punished it should be me.'

'Cherry,' she replied angrily, 'if you were my daughter, I should most certainly thrash you, whatever your age, but I am not letting the twins off.'

'I'm sorry about that, Mum,' I said doggedly, 'but you keep telling me I'm one of the family. Well, if the girls are to be punished, you've got to punish me too.'

She looked at me hard for a moment, then replied: 'Very well, I shall see all three of you at ten for a strapping you won't forget in a hurry.'

'I'm sorry, girls,' I said when she had gone, 'I've really let you in for something.'

'No, Cherry,' said Pam, 'it's our fault as well. We could have said no. Besides, you're going to get it too! You were a brick.'

'Yes,' went on Ann, 'but let me warn you, Mum's strap stings like hell, 'specially when she is angry. We're used to it, but you're going to have a real sore botty.'

'Not to worry, girls,' I said with a grin. I'm not looking forward to it, but I'll survive. Now let's finish the gin!'

At about ten to ten we decided to get ready, so off came blazers, ties, blouses, shoes, socks and skirts, leaving us wearing only vest and pants. 'You know we'll have to take these off as well, don't you?' asked Pam. I nodded, and giggling nervously, we went downstairs. Mum rose and got the strap from the desk.

'Take off your vests and knickers!' she said coldly. She lined us up facing her, hands by our sides, and gave us a long lecture, first on disobeying her rule, and then on the health dangers of smoking. 'That is why I am going to punish you all, and punish you severely. Pam, kneel in the chair.' Poor Pam got into the undignified and revealing position, and I watched her pretty bottom quiver and tremble as Mum laid on the tawse. Left! Right! Left! Right! The pairs of whacks, one on each buttock, with a slight pause between each pair. Mum gave her ten pairs—twenty strokes of the strap as hard as she could lay them on. It was one of her sternest chastisements, and when Pam got to her feet, she was sobbing with the pain. She was then made to hold out both hands side by side, for another four pairs. Left! Right! So she got four on each hand. Ann was next and was dealt with in exactly the same way. Then I realized I was no longer a spectator, it was my turn!

The thrashing of the girls had really roused me, but trying to look terrified, I got into position. I bent over, spread my thighs as wide as possible (the twins told me later I gave them a real eyeful!) and waited as Mum took up her position with one foot on each side of my head. My bottom was a broader and softer target than a pair of fifteen-year-old hips, and I'm sure Mum realized that the tawse tails would curl round my maturer curves with a really vicious sting. I was wildly excited, and waited for what seemed an age, then I noticed that she rose slightly on her toes, and with a Swish! Whack! the strap descended on my left buttock with such a burning sting that I gave a yelp of pain, and before I could recover, it came down equally hard on my right buttock. In the short pause which followed I realized that I had never felt anything as sore as this, then Whack! Whack! down came that strap for the next pair. The third pair of wallops ended any thought of sexual enjoyment, and put any hopes of an orgasm back to square minus one. For the first time in my life I was getting a real thrashing. And it was hurting like hell! In an involuntary way my hips began to squirm and wriggle to try to escape the stinging strap tails. The twins told me later that I yelped and grunted at every stroke in a most unladylike fashion.

By the time the cold voice said: 'Get to your feet, Cherry!' I was crying like a kid, but before I could reach round to rub my smarting seat, the voice said: 'Hold out your hands side by side!' I then had the doubtful pleasure of watching the strap thongs descending on my soft palms. In a way it is worse to be strapped on the palms because you can see everything, and watch your palms blistering and reddening.

'Now,' said Mum, 'I hope you have all learned a lesson. I think you'd better all go upstairs.' Three wet-eyed girls picked up their vests and knickers and scurried off. Our smarting bottoms were scarlet and corrugated with the deeper crimson welts raised by the leather tails. In the bathroom, burning buttocks were soaked in cold water, and when the worst pain was over, the twins reckoned that Mum had never strapped harder. We then had a session of rubbing cold cream into our tortured behinds. When the intense sting had gone, Ann said: 'Pass me a fag!' but this was not regarded as a good joke. They told me that by morning the welts would have died down, but that I would have the thong marks for about a week.

Next morning I met Mum as I was coming from the shower. I had my dressing gown over my arm, I was naked. 'Well, Cherry,' she asked whimsically, 'am I to lose a nice boarder after last night?'

'Heavens, no!' I replied with a broad grin, 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything! Seriously

though, your whipping did a lot for me, and I'm grateful. I hope from now on you will treat me as your eldest daughter and give me the strap when I need it. But honestly I hope I can keep from breaking the rules for a long time yet!' Turning round I showed her my stripes. 'No swimming this week,' I said with a rueful grin.

'I'm glad you have taken it this way, Cherry, she said. 'For one awful moment I thought I had a problem and you were going to enjoy it. Then when I saw you starting to squirm and squeal, I felt you were just like the girls.' I went in to see the girls, and we compared our tail marks. By this time they were beginning to feel it had been worth it.

I felt that I would need one or two more whippings to ensure that I was 'cured'. Particularly with less severe punishment. I knew that the girls got punished for leaving their room untidy, or the bathroom, so quite deliberately I let my smalls drip all over the bathroom floor. When I came in, Mum confronted me with it. I had to plead guilty, so she told me: 'Ten o'clock sharp, Cherry, dressed for a strapping.

The girls were in my room about half past nine when I said casually: 'I'd better get ready, I'm due for the tawse at ten!'

'Heavens, Cherry!' they said, 'what have you been up to? It's only four days since our big thrashing!' When I told them, they reckoned it would only be six.

'Not worth dropping your pants for,' said Ann, but Pam chipped in:

'Don't believe her, Cherry, it's always sore!' By this time I had stripped and was hunting out my vest and knickers.

'You've still got the marks,' said Pam sympathetically, 'maybe she won't strap you so hard.' We all had the marks still quite prominently displayed, but I was the only one whose bottom was due for treatment. We all went down together at ten, and out came the strap.

'Well, Cherry, said Mum, 'you know why you are going to receive correction?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'Do you want the twins out of the way?'

'No,' I answered, 'let them stay, it's company.'

'Right then, Cherry, roll up your vest, take down your knickers and kneel in the chair.' Actually I took my knickers off, because it was easier to get my thighs apart without them, so once more I upended my well-marked seat. Mum certainly did not ease up in her punishment. She gave me four pairs, eight whacks in all, as hard as she had laid them on before, and in a few minutes I was standing up vigorously rubbing my stinging bottom. Pam was right, even four on each buttock could be jolly sore.

'Now, do try to keep the bathroom clean in future, Cherry,' said Mum, 'or I may have to

give you more next time.' I lay face down on the sofa, letting the smart die from my bottom, and in a few minutes I was able to sit up normally. It was only afterwards that I found I had forgotten to put on my knickers and that my vest was still rolled up! But again I realized that the strap had caused me no sexual urge.

Two days later I 'forgot' and did the same thing again. This time I got ten strokes on my naked bottom, and again, all I felt was pain. After that I left it for a while. The girls got several minor spankings, and though I was interested, I felt no other effects. From my own point of view I was now beginning to dread the strap, and I certainly didn't try to get it. It was too sore!

From my point of view the main thing is that I am now cured. I have been with Mum and the girls now for over a year, in the course of which I have been spanked and severely thrashed many times, and have felt only the normal reaction — pain and humiliation, without any sexual overtones or undertones. But I have been lucky. There must be lots of girls who have been treated as I was as a schoolgirl, and who have become addicted, without having a 'Mum' to rescue them. I now dread the tawse as much as the twins do. For all of us anything over a dozen usually makes me cry. Mum is trying hard to cure me of smoking. Every time she even sees a packet in my room or in my handbad, I am thrashed as I was the very first time. After the first full year I'm afraid that I was at the top of the 'spanking league' with a total of 73 punishments — just short of 1,000 strokes of the strap! Ann had 60 and Pam 57.

Cherry Johnstone

Your letter was long, but very interesting. I can understand spanking being a 'turn-on' but not tawsing or caning . . . that would hurt I am sure.—Ed.

Joke!

Dear Sirs,

I realise that this enclosed form is probably a joke — I have years ago divorced my wife, but I certainly strongly believe in C.P.

I see no difference whatever in males or females, and have no reason to refuse interview, but, preferably, by appointment.

Yours sincerely,
N.B.

Dear Sir—The C.P. Survey was not intended as a joke; we have had quite a large response to our form. However, owing to shortage of staff we are unable to interview any readers any more. Sorry.—Ed.

A Tawsing Fantasy Letter

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am not a violent man by any means, in fact I am just the reverse. But I have always wanted to lay a female across my knee and either spank her, cane her or tawse her. As I doubt very much if I will ever be able to gratify my wishes I read magazines devoted to the above. I enjoyed *Tawse Special,* and with the aid of it I was able to indulge in my wildest fantasies without doing anyone any harm. Although my greatest wish is to spank a girl, I also dream of women using the tawse on my bottom. How I would love to find a domineering female to chastise me, make me drop my trousers, make sneering remarks about my lack of size, then command me to go across her broad thighs while she uses a two-thonged strap on my bare backside. I can almost feel the thwack as it lands, square across my trembling buttocks.

My ideal would be a strict matronly Scottish woman, dressed in tweeds and heavy brogue shoes. Her dark brown hair piled high above her head, her thin lips set in a grim line and, as she slaps the tawse against the palm of her hand she tells me how many times she is going to thwack me. In fear and trembling I take off my jacket, then slowly lower my trousers, blushing as she gazes disdainfully at me. I am conscious of the dampness of my underpants. She sneers again at me, I am but a child, weeing myself. She sits down, pulling her tweed skirt higher, so high that I can see the flesh above her thick brown stockings. Her thighs and legs are strong and sturdy, they have taken heavier persons than me across them.

'Here boy!' she snaps.

I beg and pray her not to tawse me too hard. I promise to do anything she wishes, I will grovel at her feet, kiss her shoes, anything, but please do not tawse me too hard. But my words only displease her more. She lashes out with the tawse and catches me on the sides of my thighs. I cannot stop the cry of pain that shrieks from my lips.

'As you are told boy, across here.'

She taps her knee menacingly with the tawse. I have no choice, I must obey her wishes. I lay across her knees, my shirt pulled so high that my bare belly is touching the warm flesh of her heavy thighs. I wait in apprehension for the first kiss of the tawse. She makes me wait, kneading my flesh, telling me what a bad boy I have been to wee myself. How can I tell her it was only because I was afraid of her? Her hand goes away from my buttocks, I breathe deeply, hoping to soften the blow.

Thwack! It has happened, the first stroke of the tawse has landed, squarely across my quivering flesh. *Thwack!* The second one arrives, with more power than the first. *Thwack . . . Thwack*

. . . *Thwack!* Oh will she never stop? Again and again I feel the leather strap strike my exposed rear. My pants have been pulled down, my naked bum is there for her to thwack.

To my dismay I feel my penis thicken, it is getting larger, it hurts, it aches, it throbs. She feels it and stops the beating instantly. I roll from her lap and lay on the floor, trying to cover my private parts with my hands . . .

I'd better not tell you any more of my fantasy, had I?

Algy
Carlisle

Cor Algy, you'd better not! Stick to your fantasies, they're safer.—Ed.

Sweet Seventeen

Dear Cathy,

You have suggested that your readers should write in, giving details of 'A Memorable Spanking' they have had. I think this is an excellent idea, so here is my contribution to 'Memorable Spankings'. And just let me say here, that much as I like the letters on corporal punishment you have been publishing, I have one big complaint — they put ideas into people's heads, as you will see.

I am seventeen years of age and attend the local grammar school. For as long as I remember, I have gone across Mum's knees when naughty, with my gym slip up and knickers down to receive the smacks of a flat ruler on my bare bottom. Quite honestly, for a girl of my age the ruler wasn't really very sore, and a spanking was never anything to dread. Unfortunately Mum had been reading all the spanking correspondence, and must have decided that I was getting off much too easy, and my bottom wasn't tanned half enough now I was a big girl.

So last Tuesday when I did something to displease her, instead of getting the ruler, she produced a proper leather punishment strap, or tawse, divided at the business end into four narrow tails. The strap was quite short, but the leather was thick and hard and, spreading out the tails, Mum said with a grim smile: 'These will be just like four rulers all at once. You'll be smiling with the other side of your face after tasting them. Come across my knee!'

I pleaded with her not to use it on me, or at least to spank me in my knickers, but in vain. I had to go across her knee just the same, and up went my gym slip, then down came my knickers — and down came that strap!!! It stung ten times more than the ruler, and I was soon squirming and wriggling. But she held me down firmly. Wham! Wow! Whang! Down came that strap with regularity and precision on its quivering target, each rhythmic stroke imprinting the stinging tail marks and making my poor bottom go from white to pink, then red and finally crimson.

I was crying like a kid long before she got through, which seemed like hours later, though it couldn't have been much more than five minutes. When my spanking was over, she told me that the days of the ruler were over, and when I required correction from now onwards, I'd get a good sound leathering with the strap on the bare bottom.

It is now Friday, and though my bottom is no longer sore, I can still see some of the red tail marks on my skin. I don't like getting that strap laid across my naked seat, and I'm trying hard to avoid another tanning, but being young and full of life, it probably won't be long till I find myself face downwards across her knees again with my slip up and knickers down and my bare bottom squirming under the stinging spanks of that horrid strap.

Yours,
Janet Mills

P.S. I didn't post this on Friday, and I'm afraid I've had another one, and it was just as bad. I came in late on Saturday night and got another dreadful strapping. It is now Sunday morning and my bottom is still red and sore!

Pre-War

Dear Sir,

After an interval of many years (pre-war?) I have come across some of your recent magazines on spanking and c.p. which I find of a very high standard. I see that you ask for comments, so may I offer one or two, only on the experience of seeing *Caning Special* No. 1, and *The Art of Caning.*

The outstanding features of these, to my way of thinking, is the illustration, especially the full page colour ones. However — there is a letter in one of these — *The Art of Caning,* I think, commenting on the lack of realism and action in some of these, and I feel I must agree to some extent. It is, of course, difficult to get 'action' in a 'still' picture, but some suggestions might help.

Firstly, whatever implement of chastisement is being used, it should look as if the wielder of it knows how to use it properly, and is doing, or is about to do so. This means holding the cane or strap correctly, i.e. right at the end, not half way along. Both become quite ineffective if so held. Next, using a cane or strap properly implies using it hard, which means that it must be held firmly, very firmly. In too many cases, it is being held rather in the manner of an eyebrow pencil about to be used for some delicate touching up! Models may not have used a cane or strap before, but if not, they could at least have a try on a cushion or so, just to get the feel of the thing.

A good stroke also implies body movement, not simply a flick of the wrist with the body stationary, so that action can be suggested by pivoting the body, rather after the manner of a golf swing. Again, a few minutes practice could help. To get the 'whip' on a cane as it descends, the tip may be tied back with fine thread to some suitable point, and then just omitted from the final picture. Straps are more difficult to deal with, as they tend to 'flop' if held half way through a stroke. One solution is to tape thin wire, e.g. the wire coathangers from cleaners are very suitable, onto the back of the strap away from the camera, and then bend to a suitable curve for action, the same thing being possible on the other side of the strap, to get an 'impact' shot curling round a bottom.

I would also like to see more variation in postures. There are quite a lot of full page pictures in *The Art of Caning,* but far too much repetition. Even a few simple articles of furnitnre can offer considerable possibilities, and I am adding a few brief sketches of suggestions. I would agree again with your earlier writer, that the preparations are as exciting as the action, and should be shown in a series. I do not like too much emphasis on full exposure, suggestion is much more satisfying — starting to lower a skirt, lifting a petticoat or slip to show a glimpse of bare knee, knickers halfway down just beginning to show a bare bottom, and so on, a final shot showing a girl, or boy, with socks or stockings, pants down to the knees, and vest and blouse or shirt tucked up to the waist, facing a wall or parent, holding a cane with both hands across the bottom would be much more satisfying than some of

the full exposure ones from the front which are in *The Art of Caning.*

Another point raised before — facial expressions do sometimes suggest the opposite of a good caning. Some points here — 'Oooh!' — lips rounded and pushed well forwards photographs better than 'Ow!' — where the wide mouth almost produces a grin. Eyes should be tightly closed, even screwed up, or very wide open. Hands might be very tightly clenched, or with the fingers spread as wide as possible. The head, with suitable expression, can be thrown back, and a leg raised with knee bent also helps the effect.

Finally, as you are already doing, one full page picture is worth any number of smaller ones.

Thank you for your suggestions. After all, it is you the customer who knows best, and we are producing for you. Let's have other points of view from other readers.—Ed.

Fact, Not Fiction

Dear Sir,

With reference to your editorial (Martinet Vol. 1 No. 4) in which you dealt with the question of Corporal Punishment.

I have very definite views on this subject.

I for one am in total agreement with you when you say (and I quote) "Bullying and Violence in our schools has to be stopped, and all the talking in the world will not stop it". Also you say, "A fifteen year old wouldn't be very happy to lay across the master's desk, her dress lifted up, and her bottom soundly beaten".

I for one think that if the cane or slipper were still used in our schools as it was in my school days you would not have half the trouble that you get with the youngsters at the present time.

Agreed that when I went to school (1939-1949) it was a difficult period. But we did not lack in respect for our elders, what they said was law.

We also had and still have a great respect for our parents.

In our house my Mother did most of the spanking. One thing that Mother would NOT tolerate was bad language. My youngest Sister although now thirty years of age still remembers the day when my Mother called her into the house from the back garden, put her across her knee, lifted her dress up, pulled down her knickers (and to put it in my Mothers words) stung her bare bottom, for using bad language with the youngster next door. Many a time we ended up either across Mother's knee or across the arm of the chair and received the cane, coathanger or slipper across out bottoms. At least it made us have respect for Mother, Father or any other of our elders.

As far as I am concerned I think that youngsters are pampered too much today. Although receiving a spanking is far from pleasant I am sure that it has the desired effect.

Somehow I do not think that my Mother would put up with any bad language from any of her grand sons or grand daughters even today especially the younger ones (they range from 3 to 13).

I hope that you will find this account of some interest. You can be sure that it is FACT & NOT FICTION.

I would appreciate if very much if you would not use my full name and address, that is of course if you are able to include my letter in a future edition of your magazine.

Yours faithfully,
P. J. M. Middx.

Spanking Landladies

Dear Sir,

In Vol. 1 No. 1 of your publication Punishment Strap you comment on the letter from Maureen Howes by saying that you reckon from the letters that you get that the country must be full of landladies that spank and cane their 'guests'. The only thing that I would quarrel with in that statement is the use of the word guests. I am sure that where landladies whack girls that lodge with them it is where they are treated as part of the family and certainly not looked on as paying guests.

Maureen Howes's letter does, I think, describe a situation that is fairly typical except perhaps that the instrument employed is a bit unusual. I might as well confess that I am myself a caning landlady though I use an ordinary three foot spanking cane with a hooked handle on the five girls that live with me.

I know of a few other landladies in the same or similar position to me who use a cane on their girls bottoms and I agree with you that there are many more of them throughout the country.

We are, of course, not a lot of sadistic monsters and our girls must be prepared to accept the punishments we give them, or they would just leave us. That does not mean of course that they have to agree with every caning that they get but they have to accept my right to cane them when I think fit and always take it in the right spirit and without any fuss.

Having said that, it is no use with girls in their teens and twenties, and that is presumably what we are talking about, threatening to cane or showing them the cane hanging on the wall. With girls of that age the cane should be used, and used often, threats and promises are all very well for ten year olds, but twenty four year old girls need not warnings but plenty of hard stingers on their big, bare bottoms.

I am quite prepared to admit that without being able to use my canes I would not be able to have girls living with me or at least not so many: at present I have five aged between twenty and twenty six. They all know my methods of discipline and accept them, most of my girls stop with me for quite long periods.

My husband often tells me that I should not keep caning the girls bottoms the way I do, but he has very little to do with them so I don't think he has much to say in the matter. He never punishes the girls but I very often cane their bottoms in front of him, and although he won't admit it, I am sure that he really enjoys these occasions.

I would be very interested to hear the views of other readers in my position, especially in regard to caning and to the details of methods of caning.

I am afraid I am still very conventional in my methods.

My girls get the cane mostly in the living room bending over a side table that is really only there for that purpose, and sometimes they get it bending over an identical table kept in their bedroom. They are always caned on the bottom and always on the bare bottom. I can never see the argument that a thin pair of nylon briefs make no difference. Surely, a thick

coat makes more difference than a skirt, a skirt protects more than briefs and briefs in turn mean less sting than the cane actually smacking bare bottom. Also, of course, my girls often get their bottoms caned in front of my husband and anyone else that happens to be there and having to lift up their clothes and pull down their briefs adds a little spice to the occasion.

I think a girl of the age we are talking about needs at least twenty strokes and they have got to be really hard. Six of the best may be OK for schoolboys but compare the size of a schoolboy's bottom with that of a girl in her mid twenties. It takes at least twenty stripes to cover broad bottoms with stinging weals.

I don't know what you mean by giving us landladies star rating but I hope that it means that you will publish more letters from us, if, as you say, you receive a lot on the subject. I would like to hear from other ladies in my position about such things as how often they cane their girls. Each of mine gets her bottom caned about two or three times a week. My husband says this is much too often anyway and he is particularly opposed to the fact that if one of my girls goes for more than about a week without a taste of the stick, then I often cane her bottom for nothing.

Come on. Let's see some more of those letters.

Mrs. J. O.
London.

Wrestling and C.P.

Dear Martinet,

I phoned you the other day and I was very interested in what you told me about the meetings you hope to start soon as I would love to meet other readers and to be able to correspond with others on their views on spanking and caning etc. I have a great knowledge of corporal punishment. Now first of all a spanking or caning can be very painful if used as a punishment. But can be very enjoyable if done for sexual reasons. I have spanked boys, girls and women. I have also been spanked and caned myself and enjoyed it a lot. But it is not every one you can tell this to, it has to be one who understands and likes it as well. I used to know a woman who had a boy of 15 and a girl of 17½ and when they were naughty I would help her. She would phone me and I would go to her house and put the boy or girl over my knee and spank him or her on the bare bottom, first with my hand till the bottom was red then used a short cane. She also had a spanking paddle. I think this is the best of all things to use, but always start with your hand first, do you think so let me know.

At one time I had two girl friends and a man friend and we would all meet once a week at a house and wrestle each other and after some time the girls said let's all put on G-strings and the girls had big fat bottoms and would put a scissors hold on and give each other a real long spanking. Do you believe that spanking and wrestling go together. I think so. By the way that woman friend kept her boy in shorts right up till he was 13½ and in summer always in white ankle socks just like his sister, I think this is good as sometimes if naughty you can just smack the bare legs. If you ever need anyone to take part in films about spanking I would be happy to oblige, I also know of a girl who would be willing to be spanked or caned for a film. I hope this letter will be of interest to you, hoping to get a reply.

Yours sincerely
D. W. Notts.

P.S.

I think you have a very good magazine the best of all journals about C.P. You ask about fantasies, well my fantasy is a girl in white ankle socks or stockings rolled down and across someones knee.

Dear D.W.,

I don't know about wrestling and C.P. Perhaps our readers would like to comment on this, it certainly would give us more scope in photography and I am sure you are not alone in your "Fantasy".

Yours Ed.

Excellent Bottoms

Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent magazine, and I would agree with the comments of G.M. London.

I feel it is essential that the facial expression of the models are realistic, anger, apprehension, pain, etc. and that the poses are of positions that really would be taken up for a spanking or caning. Sometimes the models are posing in a way where it would be impossible for them to receive a real punishment.

Finally what about photos of more mature females being punished. Many 30—45 year olds have excellent bottoms to be depicted getting spanked.

Yours sincerely,
Mr. P. H. Lancs.

P.S. I enclose my particular fantasy that I hope you could reproduce.

Fantasy

I live in digs and my landlady is an attractive widow with a sixteen year old daughter who is a handful for her mother. I often visualise the following situation with the two of them:—

I am sitting in my room listening to Helen being scolded by her mother in the next room. There is a knock on the door and they come in, mother looking angry and asks me to spank Helen as she is now too big for her to manage. Helen is put over my knee, her dress is turned back and I spank her over her panties, then pull them down and spank her bare bottom. Helen is then sent off to bed rubbing her tender bottom. Later when Helen is asleep her mother comes into me carrying a thin cane and tells me that she too has been a "naughty girl" and deserves to be punished. I make her bend over the back of a chair, lift up her dress and cane her three times across her panties before pulling them down and giving her three more strokes on her bare bottom. I then spank her after putting her across my knee.

I would love to see this in photo form in Martinet. Can you oblige?

Dear P.H.

Sorry can't illustrate your "Fantasy" but have put in a picture of a nice mature bottom.

Yours Ed.

Glow of the Birch

Dear Sir,

I have responded to your request for reader's experiences because I think your magazine really understands the c.p. scene. Most of the others are just too bizarre. What I am about to relate is true unlike a lot of letters that get printed. After several years of answering advertisements in contact magazines and meeting a host of uninterested, uninspired women who posed in way-out costumes I suddenly struck gold as they say. Instead of the usual London telephone numbers I received a letter back saying would I care to telephone a Canterbury number. Three days later I found myself in a tree-lined road of solid 1930's houses all lace curtains and prim hedges in that town looking for the right number. As always on these occasions I walked up the garden path of one of these residences with trepidation. Just as I was about to knock on the door it opened and I came face to face with Edna, she was just as she described on the telephone. An attractive matronly woman of sixty years of age with very good legs and big bust wearing very conservative twin set and high heels. I soon found myself in an immaculate lounge wondering why the hell I was there and being served tea and making small talk with this very pleasant middle-aged lady. After about ten minutes of chat about Canterbury Cathedral and related subjects she got up and said "Now if you like to go into the next room and change, I've put out the clothes you asked for, on the sofa." I went into the other room and there ready for me to put on was the full schoolgirl kit. I changed. I had an erection and I felt an idiot. I heard Edna call me to go back into the lounge. She was an excellent actress, she

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SP. NO.2 ☐

SP. No. 2. MUMMY, DADDY AND JENNY

Late home, caught with cigarettes on her and wearing her mother's varnish – poor Janet is really in for it now! Both her mother and her father attempt to spank the naughtiness out of her but then decide that the cane more befits her misconduct. Dressed in just her vest, she gets the pencil-thin bamboo rod across her naked bun cheeks until both parents are satisfied that she has atoned for her dreadful sins.

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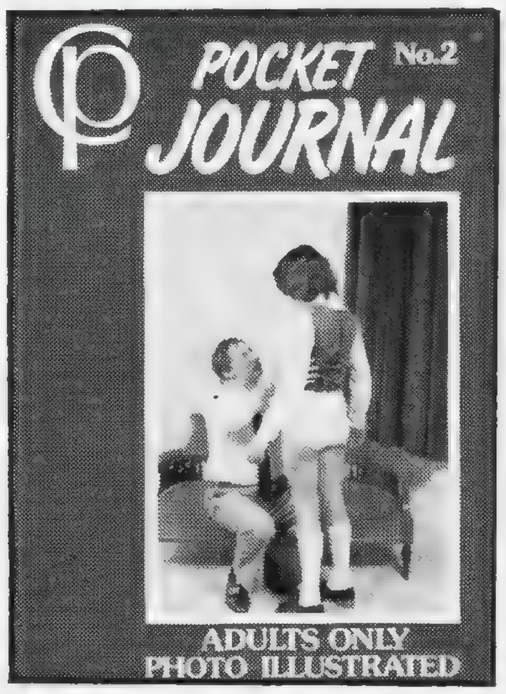

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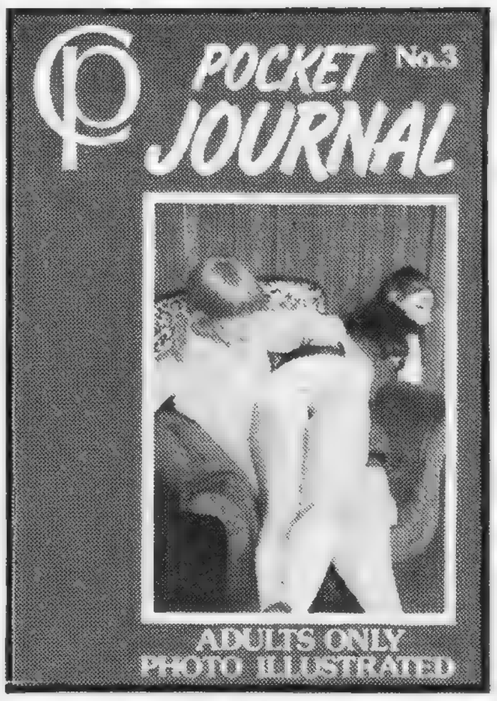

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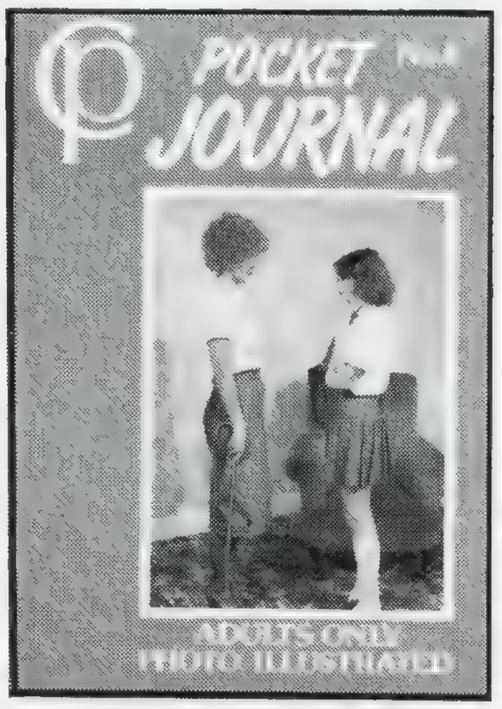

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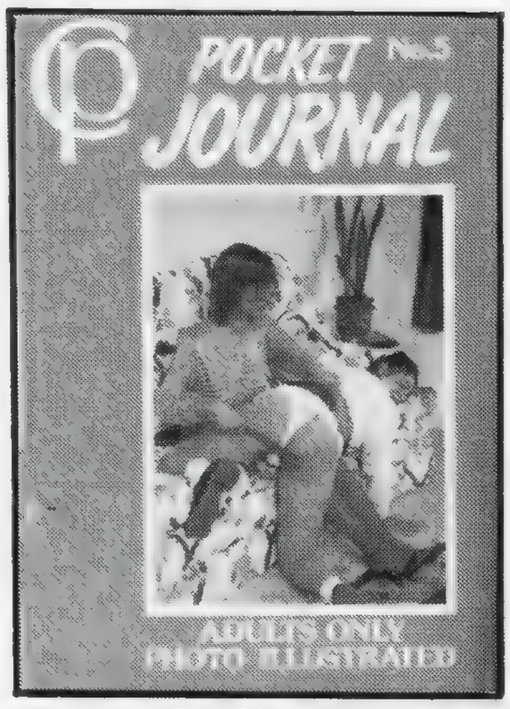

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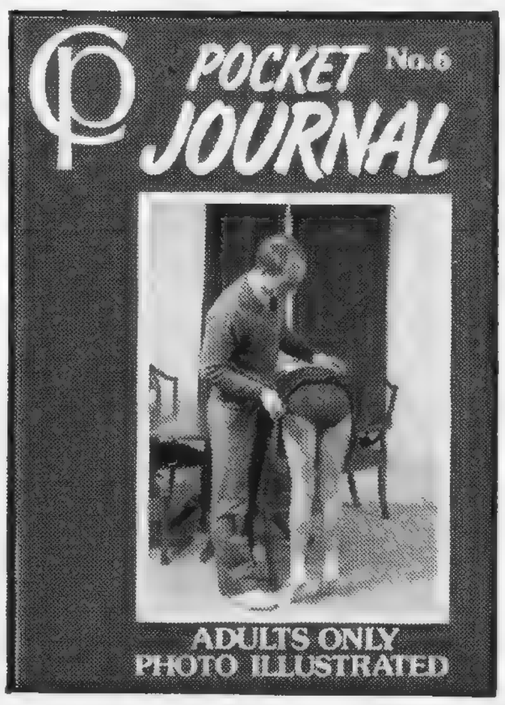

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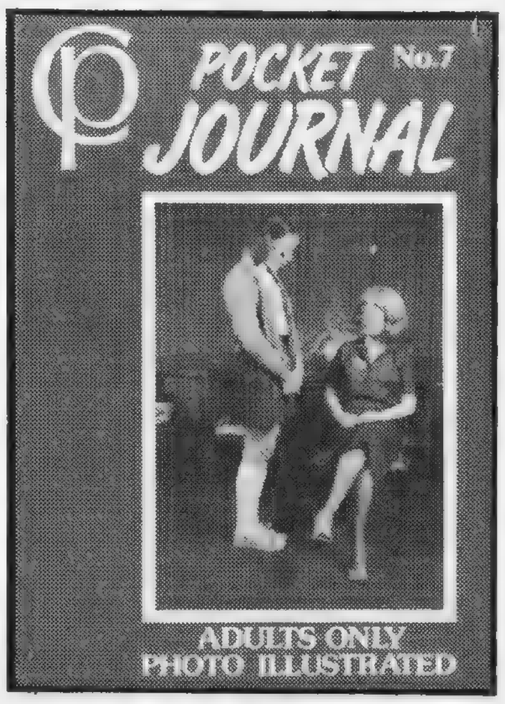

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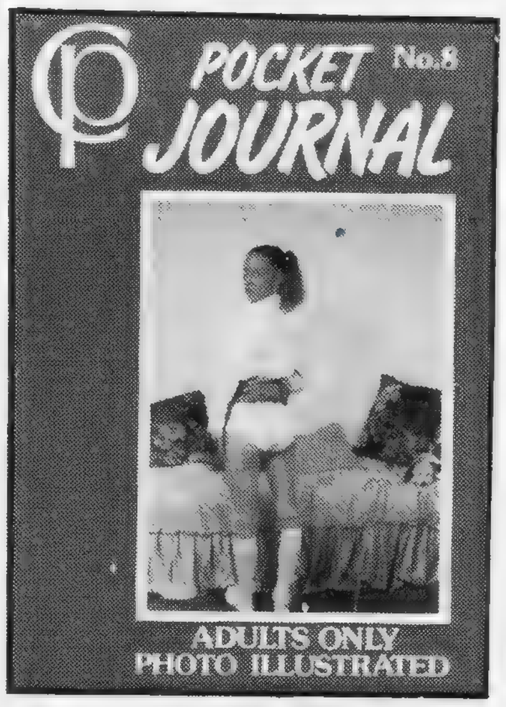

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was very much now the stern auntie and "Little boys that misbehave get their bottoms smacked" she said as she put put me across her lap pulled the blue knickers down and gave me really hard hand spanking. After what seemed an age she stood me up, ignored my penis standing in all its glory, and announced that spanking is alright for little girls and boys but what I needed was a good old fashioned caning and we then went through to a back room.

The room was warm with the blinds drawn and was in fact a tastefully thought out "punishment room". There was a small school desk, a teachers higher desk and a whipping bench. We entered the room and Edna went to the rack containing the traditional school canes and selected one with great relish. She gave me three strokes on each hand. She sat me in the small desk and sat herself in the high one and suddenly came out of the part she had been playing. "I don't suppose you've ever had the birch, have you?" She said this playfully and went off at great length about her being a strong believer in judicial birching and the sooner it was brought back the better. Funnily enough, considering my sexual predilections I don't agree with this one bit. I told her this and she said would I like to try just six strokes of the one she had in soak. Edna told me it was best I was put on the bench and securely bound otherwise I would try to rise after every stroke, I had "butterflies" but agreed. She told me that she was really going to lay it on so I could see its effect or rather feel what effect it might have on a deliquent. By the time I'd had six cuts I was writhing like a snake unable to get relief from the red hot after-glow of the birch. Edna laughed and said that was only a little sample and that it wasn't a proper birch, just a few fresh switches just like the one her mother had used on her. However she thought that I needed some soothing perhaps and poured some cream onto my bottom and working a rubber-gloved finger up my anus at the same time. She then said we would round off the session with a good six-of-the-best caning on the bare backside. Bent across the small school desk I received another good beating, immediately it was over I stood up and rubbed my bottom to try to take away the sting and my penis was now in a state of permanent erection. Edna saw it and said jokingly, "Now let me help you with that." She had told me in the letter that she didn't do straight intercourse and I didn't want it, it would have ruined the Aunt/Mistress relationship. She told me that she would masturbate me and and other "aids" to relief that I might want, did I want to look up her skirt as she

wanked me or to see her in her underwear. I went for the latter. She took off her blouse and revealed an ample bosom in a dark brown brassierre, she unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it. She had light coloured stockings on and a dark brown girdle or corset that a woman of her age would wear, I then saw

she wasn't wearing any knickers. Age had nothing to do with it she looked as sexually attractive as much younger women and any imperfections were certainly not noticed by me. She made me lie on the whipping bench and took my penis in her hand and started very slowly to masturbate me. When I was about to ejaculate she suddenly stood up and gave me a very good view of her hairy vagina. My semen shot out in a great gush and much to my surprise she kept on wanking me, saying "Come on now you've got some more left, haven't you?" I have never been so expertly tossed off. The point about all this is: this lady enjoyed giving c.p., she looked the part of a stern middle-aged aunt and was very sexy with it, in short, she knew her business and of course that's what it was, she charged a fee of £10 (1975) and used it to go away on expensive holidays but she gave value for money. She told me she had built up a clientele who liked to receive old fashioned thrashings in appropriate surroundings. I'm convinced that any similar ladies offering a service such as this would soon build up quite a fortune. (Edna now lives in Bermuda except for six weeks of the year). Sorry to have taken this long and the bad typing. By the way I would really like to meet Mrs. E. M. from Scotland!

Yours sincerely,
J. P. Ealing.

"Good for Edna" I wonder what she is doing now?

Ed.

Amanda's Spanking Slipper

Dear Martinet,

I thought you might like to know how I was spanked as a little girl.

Mother had a flippy piece of leather shaped like a paddle. My Mother used to call it "Amanda's spanking slipper"

One day my friend and I were playing in the garden with a tennis racket, we were hitting stones with it, anyhow, Lyn hit a stone right through the greenhouse window.

Mother came rushing out to see what had happened. Mother said, "What have you two been up to now." When Mother saw Lyn with the tennis racket in her hand and looking guilty, Mother grabbed up both by the arm and dragged us into the house through to the lounge.

Lyn said, "I didn't mean to smash the greenhouse window Mrs. Bradley". But Mother wasn't going to hear any excuses.

Mother told us both that she was going to tan our bottoms for being so naughty, and we would find it difficult to sit down for some time!

Mother then went to get that horrible spanking slipper, Mother soon returned with it and sat down on the sofa, we both then started to cry.

Mother told Lyn to bend over her knees and see what a well spanked bottom felt like with "Amandas spanking slipper"

Mother had Lyn's dress up and pulled her knickers up tight to expose her bottom cheeks.

Mother took a firm hold around Lyn's waist and began to spank her hard with her hand.

Lyn started to kick her legs about and screaming loudly. Mother took no notice of her and kept on spanking her, Lyn was crying very hard.

Lyn's bottom soon changed to a deep red colour and it looked very sore, as I well knew.

Mother stopped spanking her for a moment to pick up the slipper, and began to use it on her red and sore bottom.

Mother gave her twenty hard spanks with the spanking slipper, and when Mother finished the spanking Lyn's bottom was a very bright red. While Lyn was bent over Mother's lap she began to scold her. Lyn was finding it hard to catch her breath.

Finally Mother arranged her clothes and sent her to face the corner of the room.

Mother then looked at me and said, "Come here little miss". I went to her and she grabbed me by the arm, and pulled me over her knees, Mother pulled my shorts and knickers down, then I felt my Mother spanking my bare bottom with her hand.

My bottom was getting hot and sore and I was screaming. Mother stopped for a moment, then I felt the sting of that horrible slipper.

I received twenty hard spanks with the slipper, the same as Lyn got after the hard hand spanking. Mother then scolded me while I was bent over her knees.

I finally felt Mother pull my knickers and shorts up and set me on my feet. I was crying and rubbing my bottom to ease the pain. Mother sent me to my room.

When Lyn and I had that spanking I was eight years old and Lyn was nine.

That was the first time my Mother spanked one of my friends. Mother spanked Lyn quite a few more times after that first spanking Mother gave her, when we played up.

Mother sent Lyn home with a hot and sore bottom that afternoon. Lyn's parents never complained to my Mother about giving Lyn that spanking.

My Mother always seemed to have me over her knees, I don't think one month went by without me having six or eight hard spankings.

I was spanked right through my childhood. My Mother was very stern as far as C.P. was concerned.

I have no children yet but

I will bring them up with hard spankings if they ever need it.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. A.B.T.

Dear Mrs. A.B.T.

I don't expect the slipper did you any harm, but a spanking every month, it didn't seem to stop you misbehaving.

Yours Ed.

5 Minutes To Go

Dear Sir,

I welcome Martinet as a mag that deals with child-punishment, an important aspect of C.P. which so often is neglected. However, as in all correspondence on the subject, I am disappointed that there is so little reference to encouraging children to be brave. Depending on what a child has done of course it may be desirable for him/her to feel ashamed — of the wrongdoing. But there is no need to feel ashamed of the punishment itself. I feel strongly that there is no more inspiring sight than that of a sturdy child taking a licking with dignity and courage. Picture the following scene:

It is a warm June evening, and the sun lights up a pleasant little bedroom. Alone, a small boy waits, listening as the big clock in the hall ticks away the fifteen minutes before his punishment. There is the strap, hanging on the wall straight opposite his bed as a constant reminder of the price a boy must pay for high spirits and mischief. His mun, he thinks proudly, can wield that strap better than any other mum in the village. His mind goes back to a year ago when he first had a taste of it. He was just 8 years old then, playing out on a very similar evening, clad only in his swimming trunks. His mum had asked him to come in three times, but the feel of the sun and the breeze on his strong little sun-browned body was so good.

Eventually he had come in to face the music, and his mum had put her arm round his bare shoulders and said quietly: "David, you were asked to come in three times and you didn't. You can choose your punishment: we were supposed to be going to Aunty Jane's to-morrow and I know you were looking forward to it. We can cancel that. She will be very disappointed and you will miss a treat but I will not have disobedience — one day your life may depend on doing just what you are told. Or, you may choose this." And from the kitchen drawer she had taken a smooth brown leather strap, long and flat and supple. "If you prefer, you may have six hard licks with this on your bare behind."

How proud and pleased he is to remember how he had fought against the temptation to choose the easy punishment! How ashamed he would have been to have faced his favourite auntie who was such fun to be with and had been so good to him. But, though he had been very frightened he had won the struggle — he had chosen the strap! Quickly he had stripped off his trunks. The pain had taken him by surprise that time — he had no idea anything could possibly hurt so much and he had screamed with it — but only once, and the rest he had taken with his mouth tight shut.

Ten minutes to go. David takes a deep breath, strips off his tee shirt, shorts and pants, and stands proudly bare. The sting will not shock him now — he has lost count of the number of times he has been strapped in the intervening year — but the sight of it and the thought of it still makes his tummy and the muscles in his arms and legs tighten up into little wriggling shudders every few seconds. He can't be expected to keep still so he gets out his chest expanders and weights, and releases the pent-up nervous tension in exercises, putting every ounce into them and watching with satisfaction, in the big mirror, the solid muscles of his fine young body.

Five minutes to go. Now he is really enjoying the sensations of mixed dread and pleasurable expectation. He runs his hands over his deep little chest and strokes the small round nipples as they become hard with excitement. Then the symbol of his future manhood stiffens and jerks upward with every heartbeat. The muscles of his firm round little rump twitch in anticipation.

The clock strikes seven, and his mother appears. He solemnly hands down the strap to her and stands up straight with his back to her. His buttocks harden in readiness . . . . . .

Afterwards he rolls, panting, on the floor, his face twisting as he writhes away the sting. Then his mum's arm is round him again and she whispers: "Good lad — you took that beautifully, I'll bet you feel good now." He nods and manages to smile through his silent tears. He gasps a deep sigh of satisfaction and quiet pride . . . . . .

Fantasy? No, I happen to know it isn't. You see, that was 32 years ago, and that boy was me.

I should like to know the reactions of Mr. and Mrs. Young to this, as their letters I thought showed great understanding, but I do feel that C.P. could be used much more to develop a child's character and endurance, and the child himself can get a lot of fun and satisfaction out of being able to take a licking well. I use it on my own boys in moderation, and always make a point of praising them when they are brave, which they usually are. They are aged 10, 8 and 6 and they strip completely — they don't have to, but seem to prefer it that way. I think it helps them feel fit and daring.

Yours sincerely,
D. J. W. Lancs.

! Advice We Need

Dear Sir,

In your last edition you congratulated yourself on producing 6 copies in one year.

Since November you have not managed one although one was promised for January.

I bought No. 4 exactly a year ago. As you are now on No. 6 this works out, if one is charitable every four months. Perhaps you might have noticed your pious hope in November was soon to produce it monthly. Maybe your first objective should be every three months and then to two and to one.

I could well imagine you have not been too overwhelmed by post praising you for the last edition. It gave photographs at the beginning indicating there would be a sequence on them which did not materialise. The first picture part was the most ordinary and uninteresting you have produced as yet. Don't get me wrong your magazines have otherwise been good value but the last one left much to be desired.

Naturally this letter is an enquiry to find out if you have gone out of business or if you are still looking for material.

Yours faithfully,
BFPO40

Dear Sir,

Thank-you so much for your praises, what would we do without readers like you. Ten out of ten, you are absolutely right in everything you say.

We can even answer the last question NO we have not gone out of business, and yes we are still looking for material.

I do hope you were able to obtain our large size Correspondence Specials, as they were limited editions and the fact that you do not live in the heart of London it's very likely that you were unable to purchase them But! good news, we have a few left in stock.

Yours sincerely,
Ed.

Dear Sirs,

I believe I have seen every issue so far published (five in all) I think your magazine is very good. I think the school-girl photographs are very authentic with great care being shown for accuracy. Your latest issue Vol. 5 is wrong though in showing the girls wearing white knickers. The girl wearing the white dress is quite properly wearing white knickers but the other two sequences show girls wearing dark school

uniform so surely they should be wearing navy blue knickers.

I am sure many of your readers appreciate your efforts to ensure realism and accuracy with the schoolgirl sequences please do not spoil it by showing girls wearing the wrong colour knickers.

Can we have more sequences showing schoolgirls being punished with their skirts or gymslips off, my sister, who left school 12 years ago says that in her school all punishments, who ever awarded them were carried out by the P.E. Mistress in the Gymnasium after shcool at 4 p.m. because of the highly polished floor no one was allowed to wear shoes (even the teachers) girls who were to be punished had to remove their skirts and shoes and socks or tights, they were caned wearing only knickers and blouses. Perhaps we could have a sequence showing this.

Yours faithfully,
Simon A. London

Dear Simon,

It's good in a way that we get it mixed up sometimes otherwise we might not get the letters of comments we do. But! We do take note, and we welcome your advice. Thanks. *Yours Ed.*

Lochgelly Strap

Dear Editor,

I am writing to say how much I have enjoyed the "Martinet" magazines, and I only wish they appeared more often. I'm always intrigued by the readers' letters. It was very interesting to hear from Vera again about the caning of her daughters and also the letter from G.T. concerning his mother's correction with the Lochgelly strap. The serious discussions about juvenile corporal punishment have been very useful and I am sure that many readers will welcome the Parents Problem Corner and the help offered by Mr. & Mrs. Young regarding their children's need of love and discipline.

I must also congratulate you on the good quality pictures illustrating posterior punishment which are so realistic but not obscene.

As a lad in the 1930's I had a happy, disciplined up-bringing with moderate chastisement on my bottom as the usual punishment for misbehaviour until I left Grammar School when I was nearly 17. I was of a rather quiet, nervous and sensitive disposition, and I must confess that the anticipation of being sent up to my bedroom for a smacked or tanned bottom so often made me have second thoughts about being a naughty boy. Mother's reprimanding hand or the back of the hairbrush on the seat of my breeches or occasionally my bare bottom, sufficed to teach me a well-remembered lesson until I was about 11. After that the sight of the slender, very pliable 28" crook handled cane hanging on the hook just inside the much-used kitchen cupboard had a most sobering effect on me until school leaving age. Until I was 13 I seldom received more than three strokes on the seat of my shorts, trousers or pyjamas, and as a teenager from three to six strokes I was very childish in some ways and didn't really discipline myself properly until I was over 16. Consequently I am sure that the rod was much more desirable as a general form of correction on my backside, than the alternative dose of detention which I only experienced occasionally. That meant extra household duties, being kept in and sent to bed early for a week, or less as a younger boy.

There was nothing quite like the indignity of the ritual "bottoms-up" thrashing for quickly bringing me to my senses, especially when I had to undress ready for early bed and felt the efficacious kiss of the cane over my pyjama pants. However although maternal chastisement left me with a sufficiently red, sore bottom, it was always given in moderation with love and regard. I suppose that my physical and psychological make-up was such that, as an older lad, I became morbidly fascinated by bottom punishment and its various implications and eventually became enlightened as to the mysterious pleasures of the rod. It can be safely said though that the virtues of the old-fashioned discipline applied in the proper place certainly outweighed the vices as is usually the case I am sure when reasonable corporal punishment is inflicted in the home and school.

The various forms of juvenile misbehaviour certainly gives cause for great concern and I think that many modern parents should be prepared to be less permissive and return to the old fundamental principles in bringing up their youngsters. Briefly this means genuine love and discipline including the moderate use of chastisement on the culprit's bottom until the age of 17 or even after as a last resort. I think the offender should normally be allowed the modesty of at least their thin pants and correction on the bare buttocks only resorted to in cases of the most serious breaches of family discipline. After all when the bottom is bared it hurts so in more ways than one and I think it's too severe as a general form of punishment, it may be old-fashioned but when the cane, strap or paddle have their rightful place in the home as a salutory reminder, it's a most valuable deterrent to bad behaviour. It would be interesting to see whether other readers agree with my views about parental chastisement.

I am, Yours faithfully,
J. R., Croydon.

Merits of Corporal Punishment

Dear Sir,

I have been reading recent issues of your magazine with great interest and feel that the parents' problem page is of particular value. I had never thought much about the merits of corporal punishment until about six years ago when we were living in Yorkshire. Until then, my wife and I had occasionally smacked the bottoms of our children, with more or less severity, but we had not considered what should happen when they grew older.

Then, since we lived near a river that was often used for recreational purposes, I wrote to a local boys' boat club to arrange for my eldest son, then aged nine, to join. I was greatly surprised when I received the reply, which read partly as follows:—

'The river is a potentially dangerous place where a boy's thoughtlessness can endanger his own life and that of others. Firm discipline must, therefore, be maintained to control the natural boisterousness of young lads. Long experience has taught us that only two sanctions are really effective. One is suspension from the club and its activities. But we feel that it is a pity to deprive a healthy, enthusiastic boy of the benefits of membership, particularly for long periods. So we offer — and recommend — a second sanction, which is in the ancient traditions of the Navy. We refer, of course, to corporal punishment.'

'We understand that not all parents agree with this, and that some would wish to set limits on it. If you give us complete freedom to punish your child in this way, he need never be suspended. If, however, you wish to excuse him from all or any of our levels of corporal punishment — which are inflicted according to the age of the boy and the nature and frequency of his offence — suspension will have to be used when appropriate. Suppose you wish to limit us to giving the boy four strokes of the cane across pants. In that case, any offence meriting punishment up to and including this level will result in an appropriate caning, slippering or spanking. But if the child's conduct merits a more severe punishment — say, six strokes across the bare bottom — he will be suspended instead.'

'Before completing the form below, we wish to assure you that we never punish unnecessarily severely or for trivial offences.
The form was:—

I hereby give permission for my son to be punished with up to three/four/six/eight strokes with hand/slipper/cane while he is wearing trousers/pants/without pants.

Please delete where appropriate.

I was naturally somewhat concerned about this form and decided to investigate further. After arranging an appointment I visited the club and was reassured to find that the Captain, as he was called,

was a sensible, respectable man. He allowed me to inspect the cane he used — a light, but whippy, school cane — and a log where punishments were recorded. I was pleased to see that, though the club had 40 boys — nearly all of whose parents gave full permission for corporal punishment — and though it was open every weekend and every day in the school holidays, there was no evidence of excessive caning or slippering. The average seemed to be once every two or three meetings and it was rare for any but the oldest boys to be caned on their bare seats. Punishments were always 'below decks', in private, with the errant lad bent over the captain's knee for hand spankings and touching toes for cane and slipper. Typical log entries were:—

Philip M. Age 9. Six hand spanks across pants. For horseplay.

Roy D. Age 12. Six strokes with slipper across trousers. For failing to wear lifebelt.

Graham L.

Keith K. All age 11. Four strokes with cane across pants. For launching boat without supervision.

David C.

John L. Aged 14. Six strokes with cane bare. For pushing boy in water.

I talked to several boys, all of whom admitted cheerfully that their young bottoms had been on the receiving end of the captain's punishments, but none of them seemed to bear any resentment. As luck would have it, a ten-year-old was naughty while I was there and the captain's voice duly boomed out: 'Below decks with you, boy.' As the boy disappeared from sight, looking decidedly apprehensive, there was some speculation among the others as to what he would get.

Apparently, a hand spanking had previously been his limit but the lads thought he might now be due for the slipper. A few minutes later, the boy came up again, rubbing his seat and looking thoughtful. 'Slipper?' called out one of his mates. The boy nodded glumly. 'How many?' The lad held up four fingers. 'Pants down?' This time, the reply was a shake of the head — the slippering had been across the seat of his tight shorts.

Reassured, I entered my son for the club and gave the captain full permission to use whatever corporal punishment he thought fit. At the same time, I bought a cane for use at home.

I have never regretted any of these decisions. Until we moved South last year, all my three boys were members of the boat club. They were all spanked, slippered and caned on occasions, with and without pants. The first time Ian, the eldest, dropped both trousers and pants and touched his toes to await the swish of the captain's cane, he was well prepared for it. He had been caned several times at home by then, and twice on the bare seat, a full 'six of the best'.

I am proud of my boys — they are generally courteous and well-behaved. That is because they know what will happen when, as all boys will sometimes, they step out of line: a good hiding, right away, short and sharp, whether they are with me or the captain or (thank goodness) at school. They know that they will be treated fairly: a few moderate strokes across tight trousers for mild naughtiness and a full six or eight stingers with trousers and pants round their ankles for really bad behaviour. Yes, on occasions, they have ended up in tears and with very, very sore bottoms — but not often and only when they have thoroughly deserved it.

G. S., Essex.

Tingling Memories

Dear Editor,

My girl friend Jean and I both think your magazine is super, and the latest (No. 5) the best so far. We specially liked the very detailed letter of "Retired Schoolmistress" dealing with real-life school punishments, and the series of photos you put with it — particularly the picture of the teacher peeling down the naughty girl's knickers as she bent over, and the final one showing the kid trying to put her hand back to protect her bum as the tawse was applied!

Jean said this was very realistic, and brought back tingling memories of experiences she had in the head's study at the local Grammar School where she was a pupil up to last year. The head is a caner after "Retired Schoolmistress's" heart, from all I've heard, and doesn't believe in the modern idea that girls should only get it on the hand!

This might be interesting particularly as you were asking for views on whether the cane should be given on the knickers or bare bottom. Jean says that as far as she knew it was only ever given on the pants, and she herself never had it any other way, and that A. Jones is quite right in saying you don't need the "bare bottom routine" to get a jolly well-striped hot sore b.t.m. The Grammar School is known as a very strict school and Miss D. would never dream of letting girls turn up in trousers, but as there aren't any boys there's no problem about whether it's fair for boys to have trousers for protection and girls have to take their skirts up and have only knickers between stick and bottom!

The girl who was the centre of this present row only got three of the best because eating crisps in class isn't a very serious thing, and Jean and a lot of other people I talk to here think she must be a bit of a coward to make such a fuss. Apparently she had some marks on her hands after the caning where she was holding up her dress after bending over for it, and this can only be explained if she was trying to put them back for protection (like the girl in your photo).

Jean has told me that girls who play truant (we liked your "Truant Daughter" feature) always got six of the best, and truanting included any case where a girl missed a session and didn't bring a note to excuse her. Ditto for bad language and smoking. She said the worst hiding she got at Grammar happened when she "skipped" one afternoon and her Mum caught her in the Park. She took her home and upstairs to her room and put her over her knee with the pants down for a good hard smacking with the back of the hairbrush until her bottom was red all over and she was squealing like a kid of nine (she was actually 15!). The next morning she had to report to Miss D's study after Assembly and take her school dress up and bend over the desk for six real juicy smackers with the head's swishiest cane, and it didn't half sting after having the hairbrush the afternoon before! She's not ashamed to admit she really howled and wet her pants a bit during the last two strokes.

We both agree that what you said about having no sadism or masochism in the paper is quite right and we wouldn't want to see anything like that. But Jean says (and I agree) that corporal punishment *is* supposed to hurt and a head like Miss D who can make a big girl of 15 or 16 squeal and jump up and down with six of the best is worth ten of some mamby-pamby schoolmarm who just gives useless light taps. Also that it is much better to have a head who isn't afraid to do it properly (and safely) on the girl's bottom, which is so much better than punishment on the hand. We just hope she gets the support she deserves from the local authority and that nobody pays too much attention to any silly girl who can't even take three across the knickers "like a man"!

We say more power to Miss D's elbow, and lots of red marks on the bottoms of any girls who don't mind their P's and Q's! If there were more like her this country wouldn't be in the mess it is!

Yours,
Jim B. Cheshire

Dear Jim,

Sorry we didn't publish the cuttings, (although we like to see them ourselves) but we feel it is better to keep the magazine as a light hearted discussing point and not to enter into a heavy press discussion.

Yours Ed.

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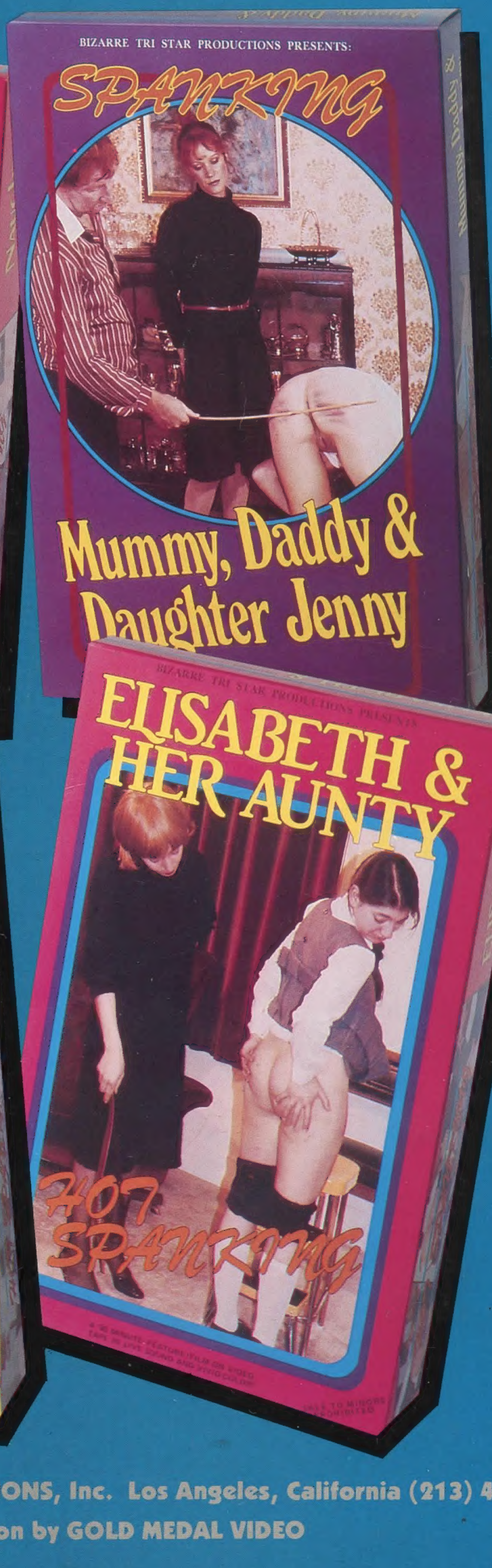

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